



THE AUBURN CIRCLE
Vol.29 No.2 Spring 2003

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MUSIC IN AUBURN

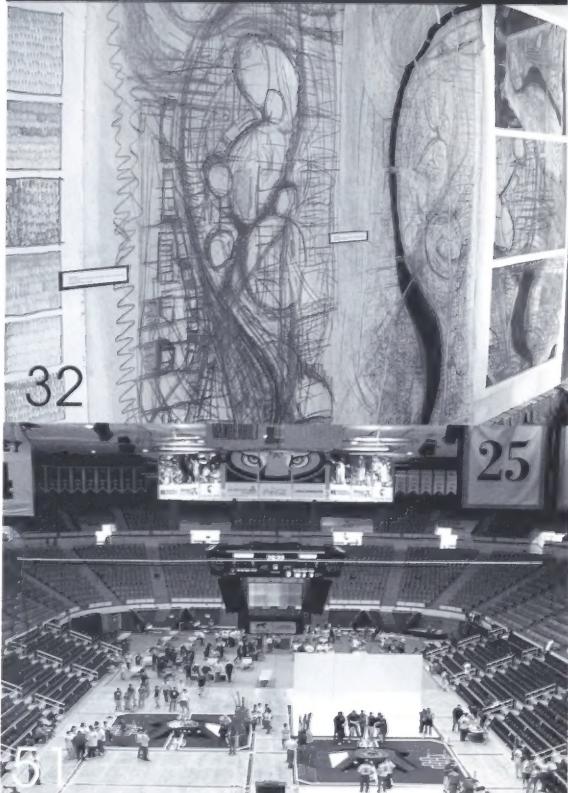
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"See, it is songs like that one that take me off-topic, and I could get on a story-telling tangent for hours. It happens when you guys hear some good-old country song by Alabama or Hank Williams and are reminded of those nights with the boys sitting out late on the tailgate of someone's suped-up truck." Turn to page 9

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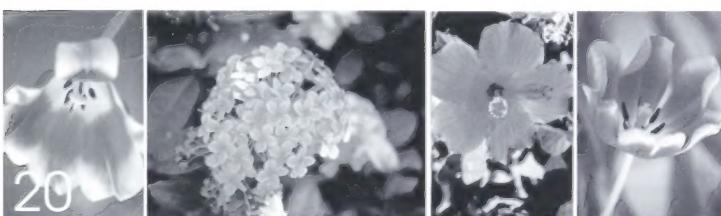


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What is *The Auburn Circle*?

Auburn's General Interest Magazine

The Auburn Circle serves as a forum for the writers, artists, and designers of the university community. Its goal is to reach a diverse audience by providing a variety of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design.

The *Circle* is published twice a year and is financed by advertising and student activity fees. It is part of the Division of Student Affairs.

Submissions

Submissions featured in *The Auburn Circle* are accepted from students, alumni, faculty, and staff of Auburn University. Submissions include fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design. Editors review all submissions to select articles and artwork of appropriate size and content for printing. Reasonable care is taken to present the article or artwork in the form it was intended. Editors proof all submissions for accuracy before they are printed. Photos and artwork are chosen and placed with an article based on theme and design style at the discretion of the editors.

Auburn University is not responsible for determining the original authorship or ownership of any submission. Persons presenting submissions for publication must sign a form stating that the work submitted is their original work. Auburn University, its Board of Trustees, faculty, and staff are not responsible for any liability, including but not limited to, authorship, ownership, misprinting, etc., of any submission published in *The Auburn Circle*.

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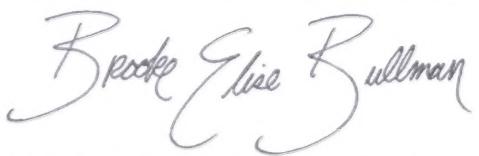
Editor's Address

You may not be aware of it, but here in Auburn, beneath the shadow of Jordan-Hare and scattered amidst the miles between C-zone parking lots and campus, there are many poets. These poets capture life, describing times of love and loss, childhood memories, and even favorite foods. Auburn is also home to many journalists, creative writers, architects, artists, and photographers. And some choose to share their work with the *Circle*, and with Auburn, and for that, we thank you.

The *Circle* is a place for expression, a place where fledgling writers become published writers and artists have galleries beyond their apartment walls. It is my hope that the *Circle* will continue this tradition in Auburn for years to come.

Our contributors are from across campus, not only from Art, English, Journalism, and Architecture, but also from Forestry, Education, Biology, and Engineering. Many have responded to our call for submissions, and we'd like to believe we achieved our goal of representing the diverse talents of Auburn University. Thanks for all you have shared; please, keep sharing.

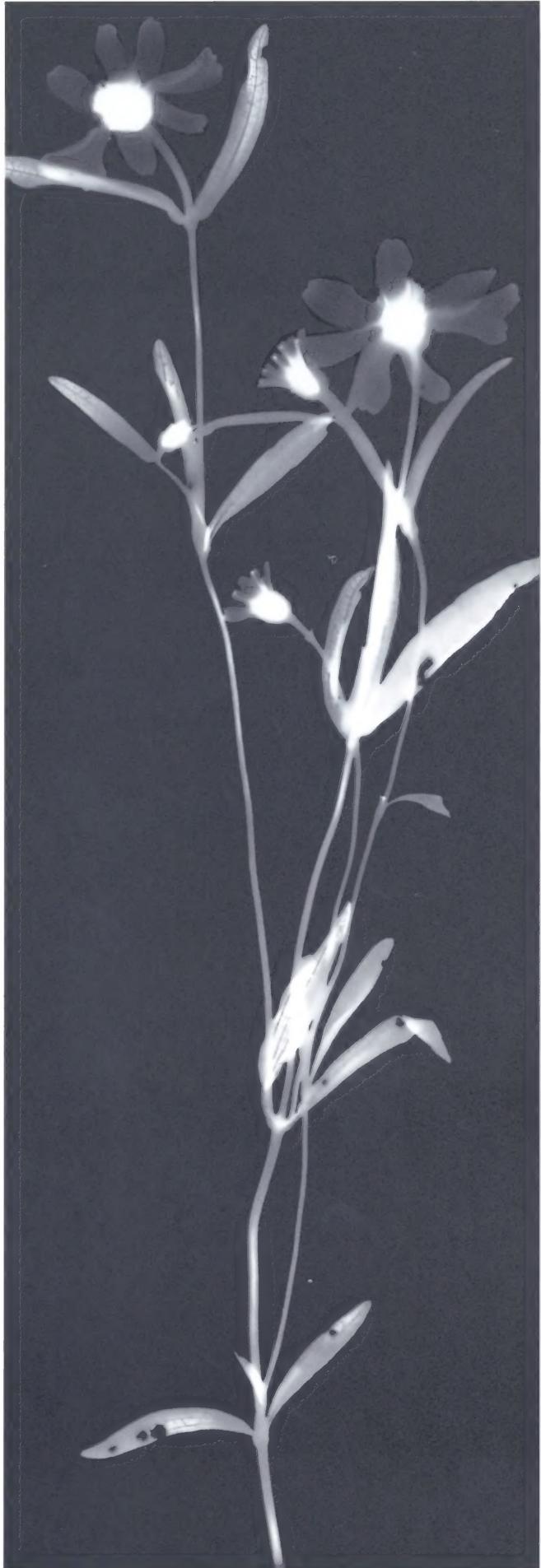
And my thanks, first, to Auburn, for allowing me this privilege and honor. Much thanks to all of you in Student Publications and on Comm Board, without whom this publication would not have been possible—Pete Pepinsky, Tamara Bowden, Meredith Kincaid, Denise Anderson, Dale Harrison, and many others. Many thanks to my wonderful staff, especially Jennifer Newman, who went above and beyond her duties as business manager. And much thanks to Dr. Alicia Carroll for all her support, encouragement, counsel, and teaching, and to Professor Debora Myles for teaching me how to draw and for her listening ear. Much thanks to the entire English Department, especially the Technical Communication faculty—Dr. Donald H. Cunningham, Dr. Elizabeth O. Smith, Dr. Isabelle Thompson, and most notably Dr. Joyce Rothschild, for her support, advice, and thorough instruction in editing. Much thanks to my parents and family for their untiring support. And thanks to Brian, for everything. And all my thanks to God for his promises, especially Psalm 37:4.



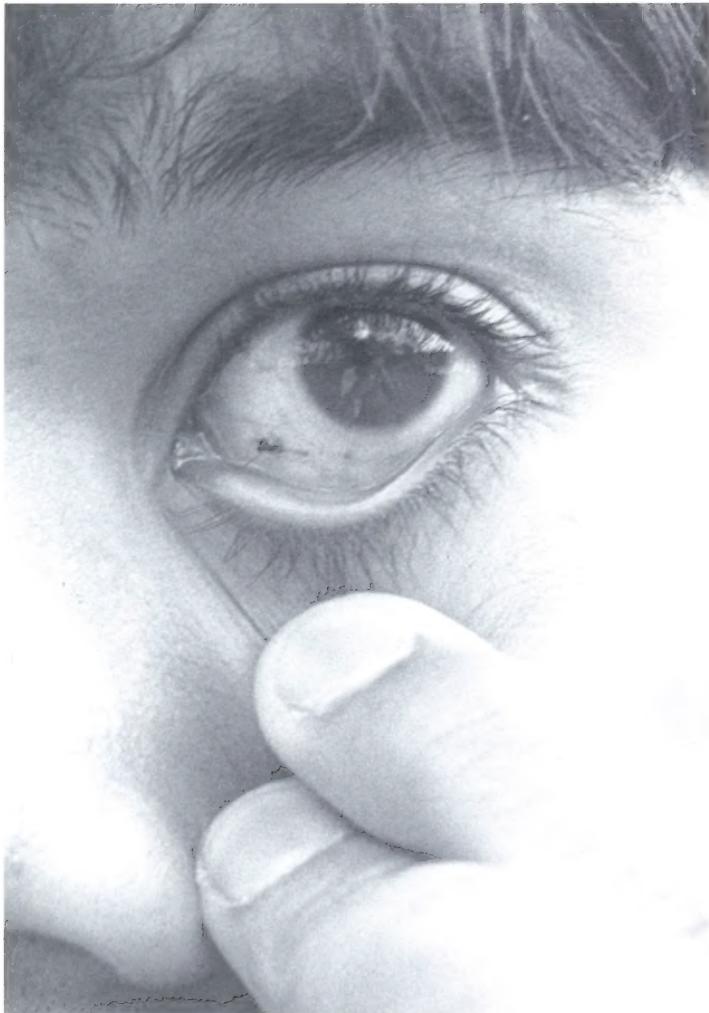
2002-2003 Editor-in-Chief, *The Auburn Circle*



Photographs by Brian McIntosh



Contact Print by Brooke Bullman



Jiggy's Eye
Joey Gyengo

Sharing the Pain

—Jane C. Daugherty

It's the collective unconscious,
He told me;
Everyone he knew was
Having significant spats
With their others.

So I am not alone.

There are a great many
Lost, and missing
Themselves and partners.
We should all get
Together and cry.

Imagine the orgy and
Subsequent guilt.

It's a painful dichotomy,
He said. We smart ones
Start early, but we torture
Ourselves by waiting a
Decade to culminate.

I'm awfully mature, he said.
But it's awhile before I will grow up.

The World, My Oyster

—Jane C. Daugherty

Sitting across a cloth-covered
Table, a half-dozen on the
Half shell, squirting lemon juice,
About to gross out my
Polite date...

I am slung back to my
House, eyes not yet far
Above the counter, laughter
And warmth. Mom smiling,
Sharing the quart with Dad.
The gray, slimy, quivering
Morsels, dipped in the lumpy

Red sauce, both slipping them
Blissfully into their mouths.

I had to have one. They thought
That just one would cure me,
That a taste, the texture, would be
The end of it. A small one was
Prepared, and held to my lips,
Little chewing needed before
Sliding down my throat.

Oh, heaven.
Can I have another?



Hanging on the Hinges
Blake Gordon

Marshmallows

—Jessica Leigh Boothe

“Your daddy and I are so proud of you. I don’t know if we tell you enough. I guess we’ve never thanked you for being such a wonderful daughter because we never expected less of you.” My mother looked like a newscaster. Complete with motionless hair and a periwinkle blue suit. She is channel eight. Whenever she speaks to me she sounds as though she is delivering the news—warm tone, little inflection, mildly apologetic. I’m sure she’s capable of being colorful, but she handles her children in shades of pink and beige. The words she speaks are usually so predictable that I can see them float out of her mouth with color and dimension like the marshmallow pieces in Alphabits cereal. She cupped my face in her worn hands and looked at me as though an image of Jesus was appearing on my forehead. “I hope you know that you’re the most special thing in the world to us. Daddy and I love you so much. It’s almost time to go.” She reached for her purse and pulled out a brownish tube of lipstick in a shade called ‘dusty blossom.’ I was silent. I thought about the things she had just said to me, not just now but throughout my life, and wasn’t sure if I wanted to laugh or cry. She decided she should lighten the mood. “Now do I need to give you the talk about always wearing clean underwear?” She nudged me and giggled at her own joke. I laughed too. I wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Emily's Story

The Chicago Marathon

—Ashley Soriano

All Emily can feel as she approaches the registration table at 6 a.m. is anxious and overwhelmed. She is lost in a sea of over a million people and she still has 26.2 more miles to go. Emily York, 20, is about to run in the longest race of her life, Chicago's LaSalle Capital Marathon.

After Emily, a junior public relations major at Auburn University, gets her number, 27931, she lines up in her expected time group. "It took me almost 10 minutes to get to the start line from my location. You have to be very fast and experienced to be in the front."

Before the race starts, her biggest concern is what to do with her jacket. She whips it around her waist right before the deafening sound of the gun. Then it begins. Emily starts by jogging, then increasing and increasing speed until she is in a full run. Since Emily runs on the Dowell Weight, she runs for five minutes and then walks for one minute. "It keeps your muscles sharper for a longer period of time."

About six miles into it, as she can begin to feel the sweat dripping down the back of her neck, she loses her running mate to the herd of runners. She continues on, jumping over jackets and pants that sweaty runners in front of her ripped off.

As Emily is running through Little Italy, she wants to stop and take a look around but if she hesitates for a second, she will lose her rhythm. She feels the same way in Little China, as she runs through the ghetto, and as she runs along Lake Michigan. "It is beneficial if the best scenery is at the beginning because by the end you zone out and don't remember what you saw."

As the race goes on many runners begin to "hit the wall." This is a term used by marathon runners to describe the point when you cannot think, speak, or go any further. "Running is mental. You go on sheer willpower at that point." Emily eats

energy gels to help her keep going. "Chicago had almost a million fans; you can't help but feel energized and find your second wind."

Emily, of Mobile, Alabama, first got the idea to run when her best friend, Stephanie Smith, encouraged her to start the summer of her freshman year in college. Emily was no stranger to running. Her sister is looking at a full college scholarship for track, and her father is a marathon and triathlon runner. "We don't run together. They blow me away. We have tried to modify our running by me going faster and them going slower, but I hate to feel like I have to run faster than normal."

Emily is satisfied with her time. She wants to enjoy the marathons, instead of focusing on competition and constant improvement. She finished the Chicago Marathon in just over four hours at an impressive pace of 9:35 minutes per mile. This put her at 13,182 overall and 541 in her division.

"All I can think at the beginning is that I can't wait for it to be over."

She runs because it keeps her exercising for a goal. She knows that without a goal she would not work as hard as she does. "Running has to make you more disciplined. I must have six hours of sleep so I am forced to go to bed much earlier than I'd like to." Emily typically runs six miles, five days a week.

"You don't know how you feel until you start running that day." This is what makes the anxiety set in. The most important meal for a marathon runner is the dinner two nights before. The marathon directors put on a special pasta dinner for the runners to help them get all the energy and carbohydrates possible. It is also important that she drinks 100 ounces of water the day before the race, but Emily tries to start two weeks earlier. However, she did not stop for a restroom break even though some were made available along the course.

If you are ever driving around Auburn at six in the morning you may see Emily run past you as she imagines herself on her next adventure in marathon running. Another race is yet to come where she will once again walk up to the registration table feeling anxious and overwhelmed knowing that she still has 26.2 miles to go. ■

The LaSalle Bank Chicago Marathon
COURSE MAP
Sunday, October 13, 2002

For the most current Course Map
please go to www.chicagomarathon.com

music in autumn

Soundtracks

—Amy Greene

May graduation sneaks up on me, closer every day, and I find myself worrying less about what career step comes after that transition, and more immediately about how to say goodbye to the friends who will go in a million different directions.

It's Saturday, and I'm picking out frames at Wal-Mart. Feeling a creative whim, I decided my going-away gifts to friends will be framed pictures of us in some unruly or unforgettable memory we shared at Auburn (how on earth will I choose among them?). Around the frame

border I'll paint-pen the words to some favorite lyrics of mine. Cliché, maybe, but how better to freeze-frame the friendships I may not be able to preserve over the distances of upcoming years?

"These are days you'll remember. Never before and never since. I promise, will the whole world feel warm as this. . ."

The words to Natalie Merchant and the Ten Thousand Maniac's "These are the Days" (1992) first rang true my freshman year as my little Neon labored through the three and a half

hour drive from Destin back to Montgomery after an exhausting week of Spring Break. Listening to those words, I thought of such warm days as that past week with eight girls and ten guys piled in a four-bedroom condo – with new visitors befriended every day and "crashing over" every night. How much time did we spend indoors anyway? Half the time we were beaching it or making the dash between Destin and Panama City, visiting other friends, the Sandpiper Beacon's Tiki Hut late-night, and yes, even La Vela. These are days I'll remember.

See, it is songs like that one that take me off-topic, and I could get on a story-

Soundtracks

continued from page 9

telling tangent for hours. It happens to all of us when we are surrounded by friends, a particular song comes on, and someone makes the comment, “Oh, that was so tenth grade!” It happens when girls are putting on makeup together in the dorms on a Friday night, an Edwin McCain song comes on the radio, and one girl groans, “Oh, change it. That was mine and so-and-so’s song back when we were dating.” It happens when you guys hear some good-old country song by Alabama or Hank Williams and are reminded of those nights with the boys sitting out late on the tailgate of someone’s suped-up truck.

Oh, the soundtracks of our life. They take root in our youth. Just like the Forrest Gump Soundtrack, there is a love song, an angst song, a sad song, and a victorious song for every stage in our lives. There are even those take-all songs that sum up everything you feel about yourself, your age, your hopes, and your home at one point in time, sum it up as well as “Sweet Home Alabama” captures Forrest’s return to the bayou home when he dances in those white Nikes with the red swoop on them in his living room with Jenny.

The music we listen to lends to each of our personal soundtracks, and so music is a distinctly youthful phenomenon for the simple reason that most of our unruly, unforgettable, and pinnacle experiences—each of which deserves a soundtrack song of its own—take place in the times of our youth. That’s not to say that the older generations (that we will one day become a part of) do not enjoy music themselves. On the contrary. But it will continue to be those songs of *their* youth that make them feel happiest, momentarily careless, because the songs transport them

back in time and refocus those days that college students try so hard to make the most of.

How many times have I caught my mom in the living room, when she thought I wouldn’t be home so soon, doing some dance called “the pony” to “Mony-Mony” (Tommy James and the Shondells 1968). And how many times has Mom heard “American Pie” by Don McLean without commenting on her college “hunk” boyfriend who drove them around in his 1971 yellow Dodge Charger?

It’s the songs of someone’s youth that eventually become labeled by “Mix” radio stations as the “Classics,” “Favorites,” or even “Classic Rock.” Those “Classics” the stations will one day label as “Oldies” – can we imagine that? And yet they will still be the songs of someone’s youth.

Auburn students engage in the local music scene on practically every week and weekend night and, by doing so, contribute to a historical trend that shows the music of youth as a formulation of self-identity, expression, and culture. For most of us, our musical talents and tastes are initially cultivated during these youthful years, whether



Photograph by
Robert T. Owen

that means learning the guitar, becoming a cover-band groupie, joining a campus ensemble, braving karaoke with a well-practiced favorite, or burning soundtrack cd's for our parties, our Valentines, or our roadtrips.

And so the *Circle* attempts with this Music Feature to offer some identification or revelation for Auburn students who are, no doubt, experiencing the making of their own soundtracks. We take in-depth looks at four particular local music experiences: Legends of Rodeo's recent performance at the 320 house, The Auburn Knights Orchestra's Valentines Day concert, No

Longer Blind's unique Christian sound, and Zeppelin cover band Zoso's Thursday night affair. With limited staff for an unlimited variety of musical venues and genres in Auburn, we hope that our readers can mentally contribute to the feature a soundtrack song, band, genre, and story of their own.

In thinking of our own particular youthful soundtracks, we realize just what Natalie Merchant was talking about in "These are Days."

"And as you feel it, you'll know it's true. That you are blessed and lucky. It's true, that you are touched by something that'll grow and bloom in you."

What we're feeling is the attachment to music that comes from having someone sing the words or play the notes that express everything we are ourselves unable to say about our most incredible experiences. What we'll remember, what is growing inside of us, is the experience of our youth, so very musical, that offers us a seemingly complete and comforting understanding of the world, a mental and musical documentary of ourselves. We're blessed and lucky to have it and carry it with us. ■



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15

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Walt Till III

Sara Hyder

Robert T. Owen

Someplace, Anywhere

—Ross O'Keefe

I'm looking out the driver-side window at the rundown homes on the side of Highway 14 running parallel to the railroad tracks, thinking to myself: why don't more people know about Legends of Rodeo?

In the summer, I worked on a construction crew that renovates old homes in New Orleans. Most of the guys on the crew would bring in tapes of Tom Petty, Mellencamp, and Springsteen to listen to while we worked on the houses. It was always cool to hear some of the bootleg tapes where you could actually hear Springsteen drift in and out of a song and the conversations in the crowd. You could imagine the smoke-filled room and the liquor-stained floor of The Fillmore.

At lunchtime, some of the guys would talk about seeing Mellencamp play on a stage built for three with a band of four or five guys, running back and forth across the stage, swinging the guitar around his back like he was Elvis Presley's pain-in-the-ass punk rock little brother. Another guy would tell me how some of them piled into a Honda to see Springsteen play in a small club in Houma until the early hours of the morning, Springsteen talking it up after the show with the true aristocrats of the bar. In the nostalgic silences between each cloud of smoke that filled our lunch pow-wow of rock and roll stories, I thought about all of the bands I had seen, most of them in arenas and stadiums, never the up-close, eye-level rock that involved a place with about 50 people sandwiched together waiting in anticipation for the crunch of the guitars and the chance to sing the band's songs back to them in the intimate setting of a small venue.

Just straight ahead rock and roll.

I'm riding with my buddy Jon as we cross onto campus listening to Legends of Rodeo's latest album, *A Thousand Friday Nights*. A train slumbers into Auburn on the tracks next to us, and Legend's "The Devil Started Rock and Roll" plays while we talk about our hometowns and the first time we ever heard Pearl Jam.

"That's when I bought Pearl Jam Ten, and my life never was the same again. I drove 'round. And played the music loud." — Legends of Rodeo "The Devil Started Rock and Roll"

I told Jon about John Ralston, the lead singer of Legends of Rodeo, and how I was sure he was writing songs about me and the life I was living. The girls, the lawless, wild friends, and the nights down by the lake. Truth is, I had none of it. It was all romantic dreams in my head.

I drive past Pizza Magia, and Jon says to me, "Remember when that place used to be the Sani Freeze?"

Sometimes the scenery changes, but the memories of a street corner don't.

Guys in corduroy sherpa jackets get into their pickup trucks after exiting the Goalpost on an early beer run put on by Tiger Card. The cd changer moves to the next track, "Nothing Better To Do," and what a fitting title for the night. Auburn is quiet and idle during this winter part of the spring semester. Sometimes you move from party to party as the keg floats or the cops bust it up. Everyone moves in droves to their cars, looking back and forth at one another, each questioning the next one, "So whaddya wanna do now?"

"I dunno. Let's go someplace, anywhere," says one of the guys.

As my favorite line in the song comes up, I move to turn up the volume, howling this furious noise at the sky with that certain freedom and carelessness that comes with Friday nights:

"We've got nothing better to do. We've got nothing to go home to tonight and for the rest of our lives." — Legends of Rodeo "Nothing Better to Do"

As we park across the street from the 320, I see some of the guys from Legends of Rodeo standing out by their tour van



talking with some fans about the past couple of days on the road. Orlando. Charleston. Savannah. Athens. These cities become stories, and those stories become legends, and those legends end up in lunchtime discussions with friends when we become older and reminisce about the days of seeing our favorite bands. One of the fans responsible for booking Legends to come play Auburn stops me to say, "Glad, you could make it.

LEGENDS OF RODEO



Legends of Rodeo Photography
both pages by Walt Till III

You gonna see Legends?"

"Hell yeah! The whole reason why we came tonight."

And so the night begins in a rundown house off of Magnolia Avenue. Fans standing shoulder to shoulder move closer to the mics as the sound check winds down. The band members are settled in their familiar places with a couple of tour dates under their belts and some good beer, ready to play to a bunch of kids on Valentine's Day. To me, it's just another Friday. I guess that's why their album is titled *A Thousand Friday Nights*.

Legends starts to play "The Flags," and some of the lyrics run right through me, hitting me in the heart and the mind, where I think about friends from high school and New Orleans.

"And down on the corner of Olive and Queens, we talk about things that we've never seen, like the Sistine, and the Heart of Spain, and God, and we all wanna see God."

Looking around the room in between songs while John Ralston switches from an acoustic guitar to an electric, I see a vibrancy and a vitality in the eyes of those around me. They're thirsty. They're hungry.

They've been waiting since that cold fall day in the Auburn moonlight when Legends came to play and the walls of the 320 shook as the crowd sang the songs back to the band . . . they sang the songs for the band.

The night waned on, and Legends played it all. They played some rock and

roll. They played some bluesy stuff and some jazzy stuff and some shake-your-ass James Brown funk. They played a T-Rex cover, an a cappella folk song, and all those songs that live on your radio as you're heading back to Auburn from home on I-85.

"And it's a long road I'm going down, and it's a long, long time that I'll be gone to make everything cool again someday." — Legends of Rodeo "Long Road"

Sometimes there would be silence in the room. Sometimes the crowd would clap in unison, a rhythm of accordance for the band. Music became such a mutual thing for an hour in Auburn. Legends gave us some songs of escape and melody. We gave them cheer and praise for bringing a little bit of life and culture to middle Alabama.

The band finished the set and everyone just stood in place, wondering the same thing we all imagine on idle, Auburn winter weekends: "whaddya wanna do now?"

"I dunno, let's go someplace, anywhere," somebody says. ■

www.fridaynightclub.net/



The Auburn Tradition of Big Band Swing Jazz

—Sara Hyder

As a fourth-year Auburn student, I am always in search of a place with an inviting atmosphere for hanging out with friends and listening to great music. I think I found it.

Saturday, Feb. 15, 2003, the Auburn Knights Orchestra hosted its annual "Hug Me, Kiss Me, Swing Me Valentine's Dance" at the Best Western on College Street from 8 p.m. to midnight. The 18-member Big Band Orchestra belted out "swing standards" from Glenn Miller to Duke Ellington. The band also sprinkled in jazz, Latin, and pop sections, including Stevie Wonder, Frank Sinatra and Gershwin classics, to provide the ultimate variety for music fans.

You may wonder, as well as I did a few years back, what kind of fun "Big Band" music can of-

fer a college student. It sounds like something our grandparents did back in the 1940s and 50s. Well, as I stepped through the double doors, I was transported back in time as the music hit me with the intense sound of 18 musicians playing without the 10-foot speakers and deafening amplifiers. The saxophones, trumpets, trombones, and rhythm section continued to jive, swing, tango, or lightly groove for a crowd of over 200

throughout the evening, all of whom were carrying big smiles, myself included.

The Knights satisfy that need to hear first-class music that makes you want to swing your hips and grab a partner. It is entertainment without the blaring music that leaves your ears ringing, the smoke that glazes over your eyes, and the crowded, dark rooms that make you gasp for a little fresh air. The band does not need huge speakers,

flashy lights, or an obnoxious lead singer to be great, even though the Knights do have a talented vocalist, Erick Johnson. The music of the orchestra leaves no room for distractions. The dancing, the music, and the simple atmosphere kept my friends and me excited and smiling long after the dancing was over and the band packed up.

I haven't mentioned the dancing yet. It's the best part. As the band played, couples of all ages took to the floor to

swing, tango, slow dance, or just randomly shake their hips to the plethora of beats. I saw the very obvious love birds holding each other tight, but more often than that, not friends, but perfect strangers were having a great time improvising and teaching each other classic moves.

Every Knights dance is an opportunity to learn how to swing. In just a few minutes, a beginner can learn the basic rock step and then move on to learn the Pretzel, Egg Beater, Piggy Back, or the John Travolta. I came with a group of friends, and we taught each other new moves or started from scratch, if that was the case. There were other groups who came together that were doing the same thing—strangers taking tips from the more experienced dancers.

It was a very open, friendly environment. As I scanned the room, I couldn't help but notice cheerful faces, whether people were dancing, watching, or just listening. You don't have to be a dancer to have a good time with the Knights: don't worry about your two left feet.

Many people were there simply for the music and the casual ambience that surrounds the Big Band.

Amidst the music of the Knights, I felt like I was witnessing a part of history. Swing



Now I See

—Andrea Rowell

dancing is a phenomenon that kicked into high gear during the late 1930s and has had a popular resurgence in the last decade. Since the group's founding in 1930, the Auburn Knights haven't missed a beat. According to three-year member Beth Dillard, the "college-based swing or dance band" is constantly in flux, as a majority of the musicians are of college age and move on after graduation, which creates opportunities to find new talent. A few of the group's existing members have formed smaller jazz trios or quartets like The Jazz Project that play the local pubs throughout the year. The talent of the group is a spectacle all its own. Coming just to listen to the band is a treat worth the \$5 cover.

Glenn Miller's famous "In the Mood" concluded the Valentine's evening for the orchestra. As the marathon song was in full swing, the band took to the dance floor, surrounding those of us who were spinning, twisting, and twirling. It was a great finale and a wonderful Saturday evening spent somewhere far from the clichés that envelop the rest of Auburn's nightlife. As saxophonist Dillard said, "This past dance was the most enjoyable of my career with the Knights—there is nothing more fun than playing for a crowd that is all smiles and cheers (and sweating from dancing so hard)." I could not have said it better myself. ■

www.auburnknights.com
Photography from
Auburn Knights web site

A few years ago, I gave up on finding Christian music that I actually enjoyed listening to in secular, non-church settings. I had found a few bands on Christian record labels that had a sound I liked, but their lyrics often did not contain more than a casual reference to God in one or two songs. The bands I had heard with lyrics that spread their Christian message seemed boring and preachy. Until sitting down to talk with the members of the Christian band "No Longer Blind" from nearby Eclectic, Alabama, I remained convinced that engaging Christian music did not exist. Thankfully, they changed my mind.

About a year and a half ago, Auburn student Billy Green joined a group of friends who loved both playing music and serving God to form what would become the band No Longer Blind. They started out playing mainly praise and worship music, the type of music you might encounter at Christian rallies or youth and college group meetings at church. Although contemporary and uplifting, it still might not draw in people who had not already planned on attending. Now with Clint Witherington on rhythm guitar, J.W. Woodard on lead (electric) guitar, Tony Duck on bass, Ben Bugna on drums, and Billy Green as both the acoustic guitarist and lead vocalist, No Longer Blind is playing and writing music with their own unique style that challenges expectations.

When asked to pick the category that would best describe their sound, they responded with "Alternative Modern Rock. The kind of thing you would hear on the Tiger [95.9 here in Auburn]." Within this broad category, it was difficult to find one genre that stood out above the rest as a more narrow description of No Longer Blind's sound. I came to the conclusion that each individual member of the band brings his own musical influences to their sound, and the end result is a band whose sound can best be described as "eclectic."

Among the members of No Longer Blind, there was an overall agreement that bands such

as Creed, P.O.D. (short for Payable on Death), and Third Day have been very influential on No Longer Blind's sound, but many of Tony's bass lines are influenced by 70s funk, while Ben's drumming style is heavily influenced by punk music. There are even elements of swing music thrown in for good measure.

The crowds that come to see No Longer Blind perform live are mostly of high school and college age, but many adults also find their sound appealing. With a repertoire of songs ranging from slow and contemplative to hard-hitting sonic assaults, you may see people swaying back and forth, lighters in the air, but you might also see them crowd surfing or using those same lighters to set something on fire.

Diversity in their music is something the members of No Longer Blind consider a great asset when it comes to getting their message across. With a sound that appeals to Christians and non-Christians alike, playing their music isn't merely a way to worship with other like-minded individuals. People who might never listen to a sermon can find themselves getting the same message through No Longer Blind's lyrics. Through the combination of great music and a great message, the band can appeal to far more people than traditional sermons, and they make it far more enjoyable.

No Longer Blind has even rewritten the song "Wonderwall" by Oasis to put a Christian spin on it. While the original lyrics say "Maybe you're gonna be the one that saves me, and after all, you're my Wonderwall," theirs proudly proclaim, "It's all gravy, You're gonna be the one that saves me, yea and after all, you're the wonder of it all."

No Longer Blind is planning a debut show in Auburn sometime in the near future. Check out their web site for more information on coming shows. ■

www.nolongerblind.com

Electric Magic

—Eryn Grucza

ZOSO



Zoso Photography
both pages by Robert T. Owen

“Hey, hey, mama, said the way you move, gonna make you sweat,
gonna make you groovel” — Led Zeppelin

Trust me, this is exactly what you'll be doing when you see ZoSo, the “ultimate Led Zeppelin experience.” I'll go ahead and be honest: I wasn't even born yet when Led Zeppelin played their final show in 1980. So for the entirety of my Led Zeppelin experience thus far, I have been confined to cds, mp3s, and one fabulous Zeppelin dvd, “The Song Remains the Same,” which is the closest I have ever gotten to a real, live Zeppelin concert . . . until I saw ZoSo.

It's a surreal experience, to say the least. For this is no cover band, my friends. This is a *tribute* band. Not only do they cover the music of Led Zeppelin, but they also look remarkably similar to the actual band members themselves.

So, for all of you who haven't taken in a ZoSo show yet but have this deep sex-like burning to see Led Zeppelin, I'll go ahead and tell you what it's all about. Imagine walking into a bar, dark and smoky, as you hear the soulful yet dreamlike sounds

of “No Quarter” fill the air. Turning your head toward the stage, you could almost swear that you were looking at the real Led Zeppelin. Lead singer Matt Jernigan has the untamed hair, the quintessential voice, and all the moves of Robert Plant, including the Plant-patented hair toss. His counterpart Michael Morgan, who has only been with the band a short time, already embodies the frenetic guitar playing and soulful mystery of Jimmy Page. Not to be outdone is bassist/pianist Adam Sandling,

who plays the part of John Paul Jones. Jones was described by Led-Zeppelin.com "as the most underrated musician on the planet," but Sandling makes sure that his presence is known as he works double-time, adding energetic keyboard playing and backbeat bass to each song. Last, but certainly not least, is drummer Gregg Thompson, who pays homage to the fallen John Bonham with each and every performance. His extended "Moby Dick" drum solo is worth going to see, as he never tires for one second and even ditches his sticks to play most of the solo with only his hands.

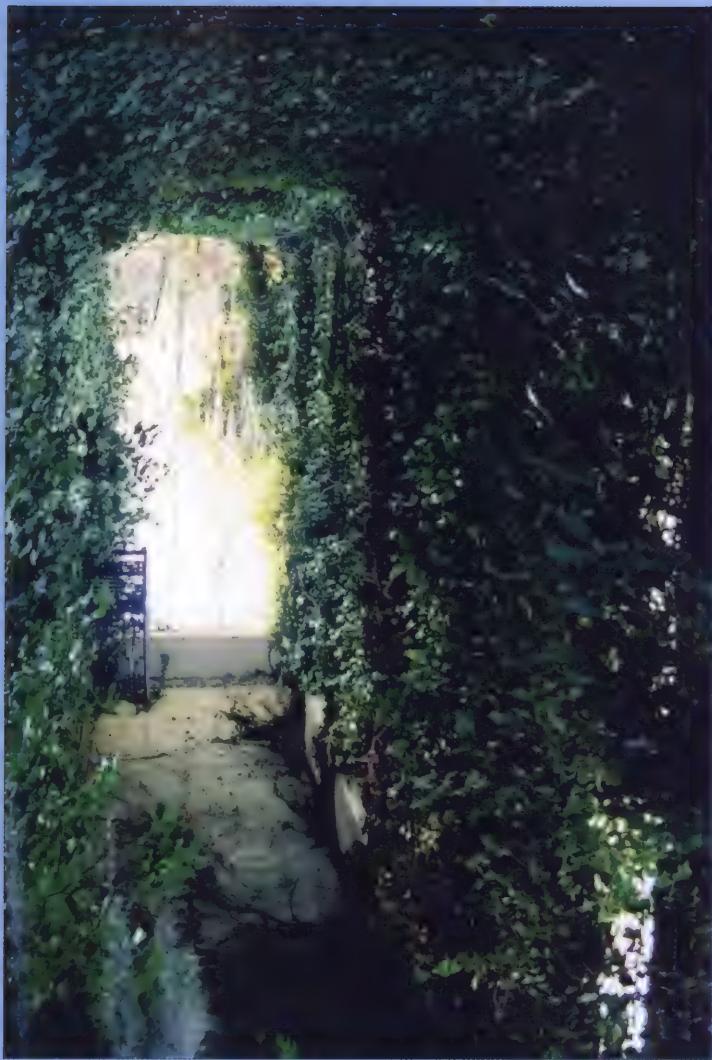
The combination of these talented musicians is remarkable, as they flawlessly turn out one Zeppelin classic after another, including "Tangerine," "Misty Mountain Hop," "D'yer Mak'er," "The Song Remains the Same," "Dancing Days," and of course, "Stairway to Heaven." ZoSo plays each song with an obvious dedication to the band they adore. Lead-singer Jernigan describes the honor of being able to play Zeppelin songs as "a joy that is hard to put into words."

ZoSo is truly an Auburn favorite, as many adoring fans congratulated the band on one more "bad-ass show." ZoSo, in turn, ended the show by thanking the audience: "You have always been good to us, Auburn."

ZoSo will be playing again in Auburn in the near future—check out their web site for dates. The next time they are in town, make sure you walk "in through the out door" and check out this amazing band who gives their all to honor the best hard rock band of all time. ■

www.zosoontour.net





Blow

—Neil Costes

on hands
and knees
he blows
by rhythm
of pulse
into a pit
of coals
until a spark
ignites
a leaf

and there
he kneels
before the flame
as if it were he
who gave breath
to Adam

Bobby Dickson



Frank Dillard



John Stolarski



Steve Ballew

Seasons of Smiles

—Siddhi Shah

Seasons of smiles, and colors of life.

Great is the destiny of simple words
Wonderland awaits for me, with adventures and skies
With beauty of stars and melodies of birds
But I saw a path with lonely road and crying winds
Cold and bitter moon, a dark cave with endless grief.
Smile changed in a minute so did the color of life.
It trapped me in it, without a simple word I went in,
My destiny then found that's where my peace lies,
That's where I have decided to shine.



Jennifer Meals



Jonathan Fratesi



All Photographs by Jennifer Meeks



Time

—Megan Rector

Time lasts forever
It flies like the wind
Always beginning
Without any end
It travels unheeded
Quite set in its path
An invisible force
With a great aftermath
Without any reason
No thinking or heart
Time puts things together
And rips them apart
A healer, a killer
Not early or late
Time passes quickly
And time makes you wait

Many accept it
Some try to hide
But it can't be ignored
We're along for the ride
Try to outrun it
As if it's a game
But look back upon it
And nothing's the same
Is time an adventure?
A blessing? A curse?
A monster? An angel?
Great terror? Or worse?
Time opens wounds
And time lets them heal
Accept all the changes
As part of the deal
There may be no answer
No reason or rhyme
But all things work out
Through the passage of time

The Room

—Christa Jennings

Scent of flowers
Mixes, mingles
Drifts through the stuffy air.
People gathered all around
Smothering, suffocating, choking
Rosy lights toward the front
You know what lies up there
Couches and chairs around
Well-used
Sadness, smiles, tears, and laughter
All blend together in the room and about
Memories are shared
In with the sorrow
And mixed conversation
Slowly inching your way forward
Feet heavy and heart burdened
Pass by people
Go through hugs, holding hands
Tears shedding
The room hot
Hard to breathe
Flowers all around
Pictures of flowers on the wall
The white lights all in the room
Only rosy lights at the front
And finally you stand in their dull glow
Sad themselves
As they light so many
Caskets
Filling the area of the room
With their dreary light
You look down
Sad and sorrowful
Thinking how tragic it is
Still body
Cold
Lying there
Underneath the rosy lights
Tears shed
For her
All in memory
Of her.



AFTER AUGUST

—Trey Lyles

Two a.m. is the hardest time of the night for Mike Green. He is lying next to her, awakened by the dead rustle of papers and memories. Every night is the same restless night. He closes his eyes, but his dreams go down in flames at the stroke of his pen. In the still of two a.m. there is little to comfort him. No music. No television. No activity save the nurses slipping in and out of his low-lit room, checking on his wife. Her IV is intact. Pulse, normal. Breathing, regular. Two a.m. to Mike Green is like a lifetime. He wakes up to the silence of patient recovery room 4230, and reaches for his wife's hand, careful not to disturb the tubes and lines that dip in and out of her body. Sometimes he wants to shake the coma out of her—that's what he would really like to do.

At two a.m. the light from the parking deck barely seeps through the window blinds, just enough so that he can make out the outline of his hospital cot and overnight bag. At two a.m. the color has drained out of the flowers his mother sent and from the sheets; the light will soon follow. It takes a few minutes for all of this motion—he doesn't want to disturb her sleeping, he just wants to hold his wife. *He just wants to hold his wife.* Victoria is silent. Her breathing barely registers; her face holds no expression. Her hand is still, lying palm down, gently resting against her thigh. She's still wearing the ring he gave her freshman year, the one with the little zigzag design that he got in Chicago. She said she loved it. *She said she loved it.* It is the only remnant of him left on her body—tubes and lines have taken over.

Her hand folds slowly into his. He scoops it up from the side, moving underneath her palm and curling his fingers onto the back of her hand. His left hand rests on top of her hand while his right supports it from below. He will stay like this for hours, sitting on the edge of his cot, elbows resting on her bed and holding her hand. Sometimes he'll touch her fingers to his lips, other times he will hold them to his cheek like she used to

do when they would wake up in the mornings. Before the day really began, when it was just the two of them in the private of the morning. They would lie there together and listen to the dawn outside. Echoes of an empty house.

Dr. Stevens usually arrives at 5:30 a.m. He doesn't turn on the lights, slides past the door, and moves across the linoleum to see if Victoria has improved during the night. He touches Mike on the shoulder, waking him from stillness. *Get some coffee friend; I'll just be a few moments.* He places her hand back on the bed, just as carefully as when he grasped it. Rubs his eyes and lets his fingers move down his face, over the oily hair, week-old beard, and across his mouth and nose. He sits on the edge of his cot, half-afraid to leave her and half-wild with the idea that when he comes back she will be sitting up, talking and carrying on, telling jokes and smiling. *Smiling. Maybe she'll smile.* Actually, he's afraid of himself.

His mind slips in and out of thought, fading into the familiarity of the hospital. The rooms and hallways recede, left, left, right, down the stairs and through the double oak doors. He is far enough away to breathe and close enough to rush back to the silence. The scenery has changed little since yesterday morning; magazines scatter across the little walnut table and mingle with the floor and seat cushions. A smiling woman beams out from *Life*. George Bush, Sr. holds head in hand—"The End of An Era." The soda machine stands guard, waiting for dollars.

The aluminum railing is cold against his hands. Fog rises off the water, curling against the windows. His eyes inch nearer the double-panes, looking out over the empty quiet of the Chesapeake. A boat moves across the bay, wandering away alone into the distance. No one else is around. Before the morning burns away, he can listen to the rising swell. He gets lost in the slow murmurs of the Baltimore General, slipping outside of her white walls, walking back to their first house on Beacon Street. Gulls swoop low upon the bay.



His hands are by his side, barely. The men and women are ready, waiting; they are all waiting for her. His heart beats quick inside his chest. Organ music. Slow steps. His veiled bride-to-be waltzing down their aisle.

The papers lie on the dresser-drawer. Waivers. Releases. Tombs made of paper.

Her hands lie in his, tensed with nervous excitement. Her index finger arcs slow circles on the back of his hand. He can hardly hear himself breathing. Aunts, uncles, friends, family, acquaintances lost, mothers, daughters, fathers, gathered here today. September's sun sinks low on the horizon. She winks at him. A soft smile slides across his lips.

All that I have, all that I am, All that I can give

The undersigned yields right of resuscitation in accordance

When there's nothing left but faith, I'll be there

Seeing as there has been no improvement in medical condition, the undersigned

When all we have is love, I'll be there

As legal protector, the undersigned waives further course of

When hope seems but a memory

The window is cold against his face, his crumpled nose, his weary eyes. His hands still grip the railing as his hips lean with his body against the facade. His right hand lets go, towing his body from the windowsill to the rest of the waiting room. Magazines spread across the table, staring up at him. *Thirty past six...she's alone. Alone. An empty house. Dr. Stevens...* He starts for the door, letting his fingers linger on the railing until they slide off and into rhythm. Mike Green passes the soda machine, the double oak doors, the nurses' station and the elevator. A little boy chases a ball down the corridor. He saunters underneath the "Exit" sign and makes his way up the stairs and back to the arms of room 4230.

She's lying there, body close, eyes silent. His left hand rests against "Green, Victoria" as he peers into their room. The

sun falls through the blinds and over the flowers his mother sent and the get-well cards and the hospital papers and the fruit baskets and the well-meant gifts of loved ones. He passes the threshold, scooping up the yellow folder of papers, and eases into the waiting chair by her side.

His heart lies full against his chest, unsure of tomorrow, terrified of today. She hasn't moved in days. His head hangs in soft defeat; eyes glance at the window, back to her, and to the picture by her bedside. Fenway Park—Red Sox vs. Yankees. The trip was a surprise; they had loved every minute of Boston. The lawyer's papers sit heavy in his lap, in the yellow folder resting against his knees. *When there's nothing left but faith.* He shifts his weight left to right, easing one foot upon the other. The papers slide with his motion, easing out of their shell and against the chair's framing. She hasn't moved in days. He sits there, resting between a heart and a whim—uncertain of his dreams, enveloped in their past. He's afraid of endless days spent by her name etched in stone. The papers rest against the chair. In accordance with hospital protocol. His eyes fall upon her, full of sorrow mixed with love. August, beaches, sandy-white, 4230, still-nights, silent eyes, sunset, laughter, waivers, releases, Saturdays in June. Thoughts sliding past one another, fighting for breathing room. *When all we have is love.* His right hand folds over his left. Elbows propped against knees. She is almost in reach—she hasn't moved in days. His fears lay openly on his lap. His hope and desire lie motionless underneath the starch white sheets of room 4230. His fingers start to play, making slow circles with his wedding band; twisting it back and forth, back and forth upon his finger. No nurses, no doctors, no family members, just the two of them alone in the room. I, the undersigned, heretofore authorize *When hope seems but a memory.* He drops his hands only to reach up on the bedside and take hold of her, pressing her hand flush against his cheek. *I'll be there.* Grasping her, knees touching the floor, head bowed over her bedside. The papers slip off his lap and scatter on the floor, underneath the bed, curled up on one another. ■



Brooke Bullman



Brooke Bullman

Dressing Chickens

—Nathan Meier

My cousins and I capture plump white fryers
with lengths of #9 wire hooked at the end,
and lay them out on a cottonwood chopping block.
Grandma's ax comes down on their necks like a guillotine.

Headless chickens hanging upside down to bleed
sometimes work off the hooks and flop on the ground.
We tease the girls, making them think they're still alive;
Grandma assures them it's just nerves, and says stop squawking.

200 heads and 400 feet are piled high in a wheelbarrow,
then dumped on the ash pile where they'll smolder for days.
Bodies are dipped for 30 seconds in scalding water,
then taken to the electric picker with rubber fingers.

An army of my aunts remove the last of the feathers,
and place the bodies in water-filled wash tubs to cool.
Grandpa sharpens butcher knives to start boning and piecing,
while my cousins and I run to the river to wash away our sins.

Letting It All Go

—Sara Rose

A green light quickly turns to red at the intersection. I stop suddenly behind a small, red jeep. The only evidence of the jeep's red color is one small patch of tailgate that has managed to escape the orange clay that covers the rest of the vehicle. The dried, orange clay that covers the tires is the exact color of the orange clay that covers the roads of a plantation known as Pinckney Hill.

Hidden off the main road, near Interstate 10, lies eighteen thousand acres of lush, green forest, where animals roam free from human predators and alligators are kings of the swamps. The deer pause only moments in the mystical surroundings, and a snake slithers by. The only animals in true danger from man and gun are the turkey, dove, and quail. The birds are killed not only for the challenge, but for food as well. Lunch is always fried dove or quail served with field peas, sweet potato fries, and fresh squeezed lemonade. Flies constantly buzz and land on our food, but at Pinckney Hill it seems only natural. While we eat a lunch of southern fried delicacies, two black labs playfully pounce on the small fish swimming in the lake.

We sit for hours in the small green boats and wait for a bite on our poles. When a lucky champion catches one of the clever bass, we eat the fish like candy; as soon as it is caught, it is fried and quickly

consumed. The sun beats down on our tanned skin as I watch an alligator slither quickly and quietly along the edge of the lake. Encountering an alligator in any other situation would send fear through my body, but at Pinckney Hill they live their lives and leave us to live our own. Watching the alligator swim back to its nest at the edge of the lake, I notice the woman who owns and keeps this place.

She sits in the gazebo covered with vibrant, green leaves that tangle in the crevices of the wood. She watches the children, their parents, and friends. She respects no man except the caretaker of the plantation. Each time the children come to visit they have gotten older and so has she. She is too late to show her love through affection and kind words; it is only through this land that she can leave her love. Pinckney Hill is her past and their future.

It is here where I begin to appreciate the real and honest in life, here where life began, before we corrupted it with our mass production and idealism. There are no honking cars, no stench of pollution in the air, and no cell phones here. All is fresh, green, and lush. The land, the trees, the water and the animals exist in an eternal harmony. There are no machines, no eager developers. Life is basic—there is no need for material goods. I allow my skin to experience the fresh air—

makeup is no longer a necessity—and I let my hair dry and curl naturally in the sun. I leave my Gucci glasses and my Prada purse at home. There is no need for fancy or elegant here; comfort is the only concern.

Leaving this paradise is not easy. As we ride over the clay-covered roads that the trees overhang with shadows, the sun settles in the bottom of the sky. Amazing shades of orange and pink emerge. These are the last sights of a world untouched. I am leaving for the huge stadium, the streetlights, noisy cars and lost people. I will question our conformities, our routines—I will question, but I will return. ■



Enchanted
Kristen Clark

The Life of Havana

—Richard Amore

Photography and poetry by Richard Amore, Masters of Landscape Architecture and Masters of Community Planning. Photographs from Havana, Cuba, July 2002.



Unlocking Doors



Resilience



Marti

a glance of Havana
embracing her forbidden wonders,
this small mouth harbor has washed me up
along her shores once again,
trying to understand someday I will live here
as this place will remain in my heart forever.

a kaleidoscope of unfolding dramas
as Corinthian colonnades ravaged to the bone
tell their dilapidated stories of human aspiration
and become the ghost of yesterday flowing
through the open doorways
into the vistas of urban poetry.

the buildings are broken,
the cost of their freedom
stand tribute to Cuba's political views,
taking economic blows from the north
seeking refuge in the words of Martí
in a world of constant revolution.

the salsa speaks as the rumba bounces
me down these narrow streets of Spanish
Colonialism,

a certain stride carries me along
as the alleys are constantly displaying
the pride of the people as they hold their heads
high
as they know they have something special
here.

our old national treasures
rolling down their Malecón
coughing up smoke along their high fins
I don't know how they keep them going
must be the incredible Cuban resilience
portrayed in the old cars of Havana.

Havana has a certain wind to its air
an encroaching musical storm
the drama reveals sounds I never heard
there is no stopping this rhythm
an elevated spirit to this humble town
where their triumph prevails.

so this is Havana
always changing always in motion
and growing so much at once
I only caught a glance,
A small glimpse of tomorrow's return
This is the life of Havana.

AN OLD SOLDIER ON A LAST MISSION

—Ashley Soriano

Dr. Walter Sowell of Auburn, Alabama, is a former Prisoner of War (POW) who is on his last mission to spread the message of freedom to students by telling his proud story of fighting, failing, redeeming and living through World War II.

It is a beautiful day over Frankfurt, Germany, and the B-17 "Flying Fortress" is now deeper into Nazi Germany than any other American bomber. Sowell, who was manning a .50 caliber machine gun on this plane, remembers it as, "Noisy, oh gracious, noisy." There is no time for fear. They are shooting at swarms of enemy German planes.

However, before they realize what's happening, they have become the enemy plane that is shot down. The plane

is on fire, the door is missing, and the other airmen have jumped out. The only option is to walk up to the missing door and step out into nothing. Is this their final mission? It may be the final mission for some but for Dr. Walter Sowell, this is only the beginning of his life's mission.

Until a few years ago, Sowell was not willing to talk about his experience as POW. When he went back in June 1995 to visit Stalag 17B—his old prison grounds—he realized how important it was to get the message of freedom out to young people today. He carried on his mission as his wife accompanied him to tell his story to journalism students on Auburn University's campus. He has turned from a young soldier on a failed mission to an

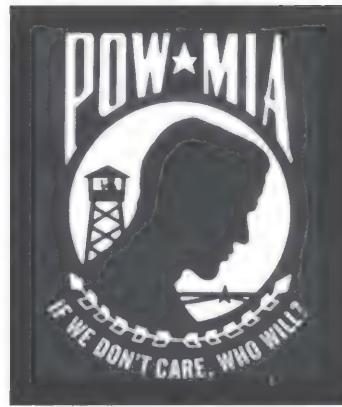
old soldier on his last mission that has succeeded.

Sowell was asked by one of the students what the POW camp was like and if it resembled the depictions from Hollywood. "It wasn't a summer camp," he explained. The Germans didn't toot a horn to wake up the prisoners for a game of kickball. Instead they came and yelled for them to get out of bed. If the soldiers resisted from exhaustion the SS Troops would file in ready to shoot anyone in sight. The prisoners would immediately begin jumping out of doors and windows to get out of there. "Those SS Troops were as mean as anything. Meaner than the Japanese," Sowell said with a chuckle.

"Our guards were mainly German Air Force guards, and they were reasonable people."

Sowell reminded the students of the lack of entertainment in their lives, so for fun they would harass the German guards. The Germans would want to learn English, so the soldiers were happy to teach them a line or two. He told the students of one time when they taught the guard to say, "I'm a son of a bitch." "He walked in the room and yelled it. To hear him say that was worth a good laugh." They would continue harassment until they thought the guard might shoot them, and that's when the sweet-talking came in to play.

The bond between prisoners was very strong. They kept up with each other. If a new guy came into the prison, they would interrogate him to make sure he was not a spy of any sort. "If we had one [a spy],



we didn't know it." They were all very close buddies and friends. Mrs. Sowell piped in to tell the students about a friend from Stalag 17B that Dr. Sowell has kept in contact with to this day. "They had two prunes, put it in a can of water, and set it on the heater. Then they would divide it once it became mush among four or five people," Mrs. Sowell explained proudly.

The mushy prunes were a delicacy compared to what they usually ate. Dark bread. It was hard and dry. After Sowell was captured, they kept him knocked out for two to three days. The first thing they offered him was bread and water. "It took me a week before I could eat that bread." Sowell gave the students the official recipe for the black bread which consisted of bruised rye grain, sugar beets, saw dust, leaves, straw and occasionally a bit of glass and sand.

Eventually they started getting soup. It consisted of water and whatever they could cut down in a field. They would often times find worms in the soup that they were happy to

eat for the protein. As time passed the Red Cross got to them, but they never received a can that the guards hadn't punctured.

Sowell explained to the students that the punctured cans were to prevent soldiers from saving their rations for when they would escape. "That was our major objective, to escape," Sowell said. They got a few guys out of the prison, but some were killed and others brought back.

The students were then taken on a long journey to freedom. Sowell told them of the 200 mile march to freedom that lasted from April 8, 1945, to May 3, 1945. He told them of the meager food portions. He told them of sleeping in an open field. He told them of leaving men behind who were too exhausted to walk. He told them the guards got so tired that they would ask the prisoners to carry their guns. He

told them of the beautiful sights to be seen.

But best of all, he told them of the joy he remembers returning home. Aboard the Liberty Ship, Sowell could finally relax. As the ship sailed in to the New York Harbor every man who could stand lined up on the deck and with pride gratefully saluted

the Statue of Liberty. Each man with tears streaming down his face. "There was not a dry eye on the ship," he told the attentive students.

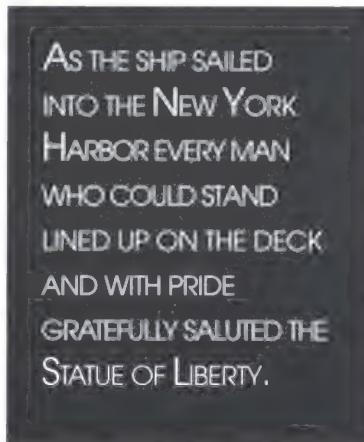
The students were amazed that even with the trials he has been through, he named his biography *Memories of a Wonderful Life*. "It has been a wonderful life. I have been to the lowest valleys and the highest mountains," he explained. "I have no problem with the German people."

The next day in class the students discussed their feel-

ings on the interview with Sowell. Margaret Duncan summed up the feelings of the students by saying, "The thing I couldn't believe the most was after being treated so badly, he went back and said they were good people. It makes some people bitter and sour for the rest of their lives, but he is so optimistic. He never lost his faith, if anything it got stronger."

Dr. Walter Sowell, a man of forgiveness and honor the students decided, has continued his mission by leaving a lasting impact on these students. "I will always remember this class day," Denise Bohannan of Prattville exclaimed. He wanted them to know that freedom must be earned. When asked about the students' generation and possible war he said, "Don't lose your freedom. I think your generation would stand up and fight."

With his walker in front of him and a smile on his face, Dr. Walter Sowell left the classroom knowing that he had succeeded once again on his mission of freedom. ■





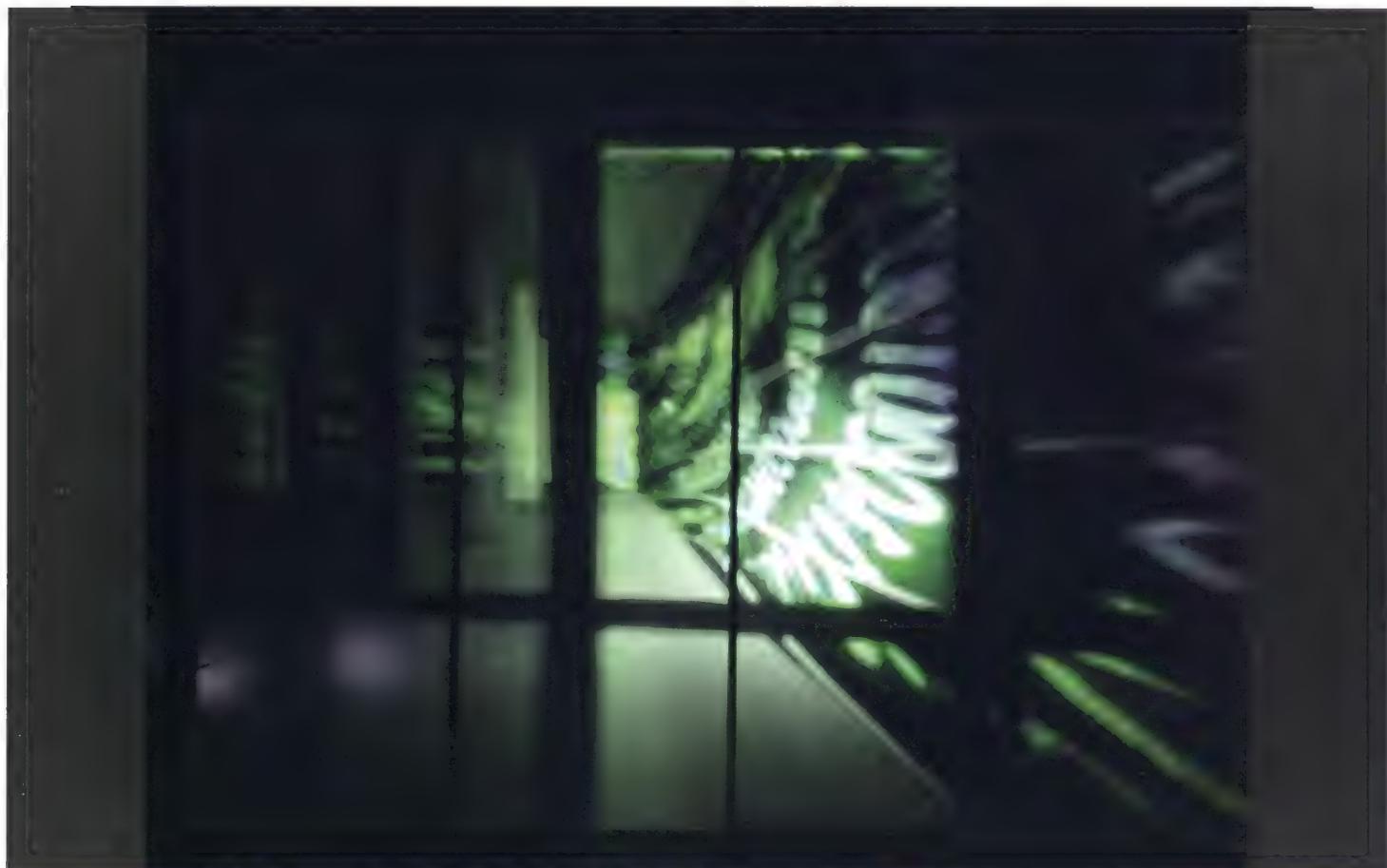
projections

projections

An installation at the School of Architecture

Technology's influence on society expands far beyond that of the internet and the influx of information it has created; traditional architectural programs are also morphing to accommodate differing requirements and opportunities. The Mediatheque is a distinct architectural response to the digitization of texts and the necessity to organize and access this data. The library typology must adapt to its new role: the dissemination of digital and analog information.

In this studio, students designed a Mediatheque as an expansion to the Birmingham Public Library. Following the Mediatheque project, students were asked to revisit their design and imagine the technological infrastructure contained in the architecture, reformat the data into dynamic, interactive streams and create a physical interface to convey their findings. The interface was then deployed, in real-time in the courtyard of the School of Architecture.





Studio David Burns / ARCH 4010 / Studio 5 / Fall 2002

James Brazelton
Casey Ivy
Andrew Jacobs
Charlie Jorgenson

Richard Long
Nathan Makemson
Jack Mazzola
Leia Price

Michael Scherer
Thomas Schneider
Anthony Sullivan
David Wurst

Photography by David Burns
www.auburn.edu/~burnsda/arch4010-f02



Shouting for Karen

—Neil Costes



Nikhil Khandelwal

She sat on her suitcase waiting for a taxi. Her back was to our house, so she never knew I watched her from my bedroom window. My face was so close to the glass that with each breath I lost her in a fog. To keep her in sight, I constantly had to wipe away the moisture on the glass with my pajama sleeves.

The only time she turned around was when our father flung open the front door to yell at her one last time. But even though she now faced the house, she never once saw me in the window. Her eyes, which resembled a still lake at the foot of a burning city, were fixed on our father.

“Don’t you ever come back here,” he screamed. “And don’t think for a second you’re still my daughter.”

She answered him with unaffected silence.

Our father eventually retreated back into the house, and the porch light flickered off.

I heard his heavy boots stomping up the stairs, and I froze my hand-in-sleeve mid-wipe. I gathered one last, though somewhat blurry, sight of my sister before I darted to my bed. I buried myself in the blankets, making sure to hide my damp sleeves.

Darkness gave way to a slow-moving light that shifted beyond my closed eyelids.

“Princess?”

I opened my eyes. He must have assumed that I couldn’t yet see his face, but my eyes had long adjusted to the darkness, so I

could see every inch of masked contempt on his face. He stealthily navigated through the darkness to the window and pulled down the shade.

“Your sister won’t be living with us anymore, Princess.”

Maybe it wasn’t too late, I thought. I still had time to run to the window, bang on the glass, do something. I could still shout out for her to wait, for her to take me with her.

“She’s moving to the city, so we won’t be seeing her for a long time.”

I shouted out her name. But, to my disappointment, it only came out a whisper. My father, three feet away, did not even hear me.

“It’s just you and me from here on out, Princess.”

A car door slammed. Seconds later an engine roared, but it soon diminished into a distant whimper, gradually taming into silence.

Anything my father might have said after that became a blur.

When he finally left the room, I walked over to the window and lifted the shade. I inhaled deeply and expelled another dense fog from my lungs. I traced my fingertips across the glass, spelling out K-A-R-E-N in the residue of my breath. I stepped back and watched as the remainder of my painted breath peeled away, the faint outline of Karen’s name evaporating into the air, revealing, beyond the glass, the distant over-glow of the city skyline. ■

Destroying a Long-term Relationship

—Rolanda A. Gilbert

Out of the wind endlessly churning,
blowing my hair into my eyes,
there came a sound, a mere whisper,
just a ghost of promise, and it
flittered into my mind softly
creating a desire I wished
dead and buried. The words teased
up longing as I sank into
the high grasses, begging for the strength
to turn away from what I want most.

It is the memories that haunt
me the most. Softly slipping past
my walled heart. And sharp is the
pain that stabs me so higher I
build the wall and higher still they
learn to fly. With their horrible teeth
they leave open wounds farther I
walk from you, further still you push
me away. I run to the wild
woods, to the ancient stones to
hide, to hope...but still I become
more entangled with you.



Urban Studio

—Rebekah Caldwell
Kyes Stephens, photographer



Above photograph by David Williams; all other photographs by Kyes Stephens



Above: Professors Organ, Sorkin, Williams and department head Lindsey study the maps made by fourth year students.

In a semester sabbatical from Dudley Hall and small-town Auburn, fourth-year architecture students live and work in downtown Birmingham during Urban Studio. The mission of Urban Studio is to present students with a fresh viewpoint on architecture by providing "an opportunity to study and learn in Birmingham, an excellent urban laboratory," according to Cheryl Morgan, director of Urban Studio. Here they can experience firsthand the unique architectural demands of an urban area, working with

structures from squeezed-in coffee stands to large-scale parking garages. Students work with Birmingham architecture firms, learning the ins and outs of everyday life for architects in the city, observing contract writing, office culture, and client interaction. But, of course, they cannot escape studio; students practice design for the metropolitan landscape as well.

Professor Michael Sorkin of New York, the principal architect and founder of Michael Sorkin Studio, directed the

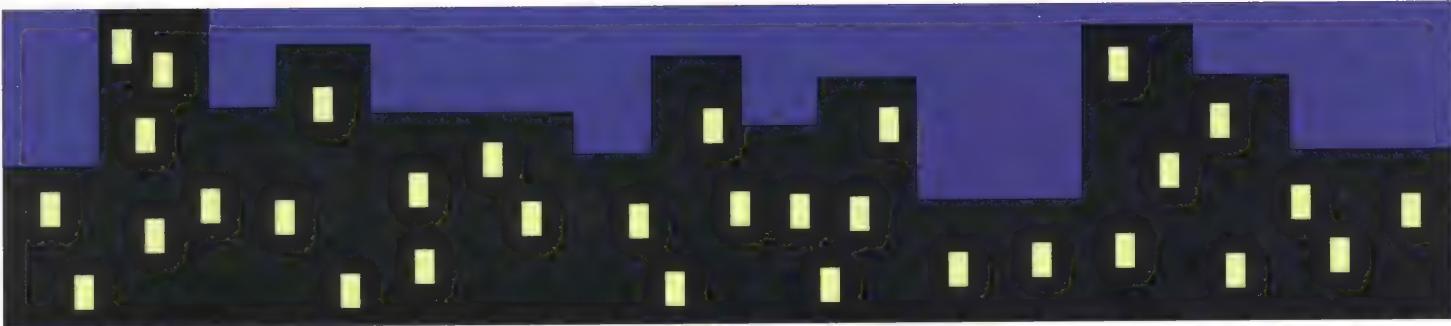
Spring 2003 Urban Studio students. This distinguished architect has received degrees from Columbia University, University of Chicago, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology and served as a visiting professor to such schools as Columbia and Harvard. For the last decade Sorkin has also been the professor of Urbanism and Director of the Institute of Urbanism at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Sorkin is also widely published, and is currently working on *20 Minutes of Metropolis*, which

is a manifestation of urban theory via a walk through downtown Manhattan. Auburn is honored to have had Sorkin direct Urban Studio.

Astyn Richard, a student of Urban Studio, describes the events of this semester:

In early January, the first envelope arrived. Eager hands waited as the flap was torn open, revealing ten, exactly ten, sheets of crisp white paper. Somewhat bewildering, somewhat curious were the directions printed on the papers. Take four, 12"x12" squares of $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood, and





construct, using only wood blocks unequal in dimensions, your idea of a city. Seven envelopes and a lot of coffee later, we had a city, and collective spontaneous energy anxious to meet the man behind the envelopes.

After receiving an aerial map of the northeast quadrant of Birmingham (1st avenue south to 9th avenue north, and 11th street to 15th street), we altered our model, breaking blocks loose with hammers, re-gluing pieces, and changing streets to somewhat fit this area.

The development of anything is about mapping, and debate. Lots of debate. It is as if we have just found a baby, and we are all so overjoyed and expectant for what its future holds. Is it industry, is it cultural, is it a river? We are mad scientists in the lab of the chief mad scientist, concocting the recipe of Utopia. Is this Utopia? Is this Birmingham? Why can it not be both?

He arrives. A Russian cowboy with hands so giant, we are amazed at the gentle lines that come from the pastel in his hands. Every move made is in daring opposition to the logical speculation that at any moment that pastel will be reduced to green dust. In some ways we never knew how to draw before he came. In others, it as if something inside of us has been captive and estranged until this day, releasing its fervor into the air.

These drawings are 13 feet tall and 6 feet wide. There are five of them hung like medieval tapestries in the studio. Strangers from the street often came in to just look at these beautiful, massive drawings. Each drawing is a "fuzzy" iterative process in which all ten of us participate in making these global moves across the site.

After working with a scale so large our drawings blanket the studio, we switch to a somewhat smaller scale. A wonder-

ful black graphite drawing emerges. These drawings are about 5 feet tall and 3 feet wide, and seek to bring us back into the context of the city. Whereas the pastel drawings (tapestries) are fuzzy and intuitive, these are more scaled and precise. Several studies are done at a tiny scale to converge the appearance of global moves. Sorkin is here, straight off a plane from the City. We are almost bursting to show him our progress. He insists we must get back to the large scale, but we have no more room. Suddenly we are in the lobby of the loft apartments next door... a thirty foot drawing... barefoot and sketching once more.

All of this work went on display February 25th through the 27th at Urban Studio. Many faculty members came to see the maps laid on the floor, tapestries on the walls, and the black graphite drawings sur-

rounding them. The city blocks were mounted at an angle so they could easily be seen. A quote from an Urban Studio-inspired fiction story written by Casey Ivy, architecture student, captures the mood:

I look down the banks of this strange waterway and see a family playing Frisbee, a couple eating sandwiches on a picnic table, a father and son out playing with a remote controlled boat. All of these spirits free floating, intertwining, and creating this wonderful atmosphere. I wonder if they really realize how special this moment is, if they feel these wonderful things taking place around them. (To read Ivy's story, turn to page 56). ■

Many thanks to Cheryl Morgan, Dan Bennett, Casey Ivy, Kenny Craft, Paul Kardous, Kyes Stevens, and Astyn Richard and www.wikifish.org, the collaborative website for the School of Architecture at Auburn University.



Hopeful

—Ciara Green

Love is a representation of all of the unplanned occurrences in the world...

It is the long ripple in an otherwise calm tide,
The pre-ejaculated one gray that sprouts in a mound of black hair,
The runner in the midst of thousands who decides to break stride,
The eclectic old woman who evokes her neighbor's stares

The essence of some kind of deity that we all believe in but can't see it or feel,
The unrequited language of dialect that no one genius can uncover,
Haley's comet, Sistine Chapel, Van Gogh, all things likened to it that are surreal,
It is the repeating heartache that we are able to sustain and at times even want to
suffer....

*So that someday we too may say that we have known the ultimate high,
Experienced a ripple in our own otherwise calm tide.*





Frank Dillard

Obsession with my Favorite Word

—Rolanda A. Gilbert

Your name is what I think
when there's no one
else around. And it's
you.

more than anything
else, that I crave.
Your name sounds like

a rainbow falling through
heaven. Whenever I
see you, your name
starts

as a whisper building
up in my mouth then
explodes in my heart.

It is the ghost of your
name that dances
across my mind when I

try to read. Your name is
a sly little imp
standing on my shoulder,

listing everything I
like about you, making
me forget everything in

the world. I can't work,
or eat, or sleep, or get
dressed, or drive

across town, without your
name consuming my soul
like flaming, high noon

July heat. And when you
walk into the room, I
melt like ice touching

white-hot steel. I think
your name is the only
word I'll ever know.

Stars and Bubblegum

—Nadria Tucker

stars & bubblegum
broken arms & the feeling that summer
would never end
pink shoelaces & potato sack races
Barbie & Ken

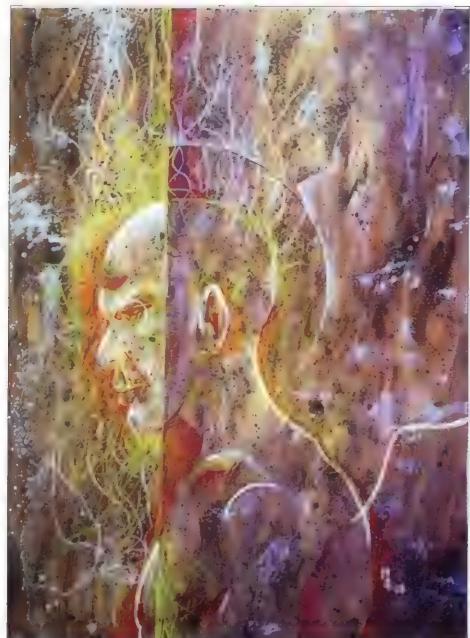
stickers & cookies
bike crashes & lying in the grass
watching the sunset
tardy slips & paper clips
volleyball nets

fudge & inner tubes
gym class & wondering why
grown-ups always say no
ABC's & 123's
juice boxes & jump rope

smurfs & double dutch
slap bracelets & waking up from a dream
where you could fly
saying goodbye

Jennifer Meals







Electricity Miles Davis



Ryan Belcher
Lovers

Pretty

—Amberly C. Wright

He didn't dance
around my motherly breasts
he caressed them just as if
they weren't missing that perkiness
that once encircled my nipples

He left traces of his lips
along the walls of my thighs
kisses smothered the stretch marks
that surface my hips
these that once bore children

Tenderly he rubbed
hand prints were visible
from the massage he gave my belly
he didn't mind the pudginess
The after effect of offspring

Strokes of affection were constant
as fingers parted my hair
he embraced my wisdom
never once did he mention
these strands of gray

I felt so...

Pretty



Ryan Belcher
The Curious Boy

SECOND YEAR STUDIO



Untitled

Tate Foy

There are pieces on four sides that can be pulled out at different angles and depths to allow multiple designs, or they can be pushed into the center to form a perfect cube. By allowing human interaction, the cube takes on the character of a tree in the sense that its overall shape and the shape of the voids created are in constant change and growth.



Relative Ends

Ben Collins

Concept: Carve wood in a form that emphasizes grain, strength, and flexibility. Convey the disposition of a tree to grow roots in a permanent place or relationship to its surroundings, remain centered and growing only around its youth, and continue to grow at all costs.

Untitled | Mark Wise



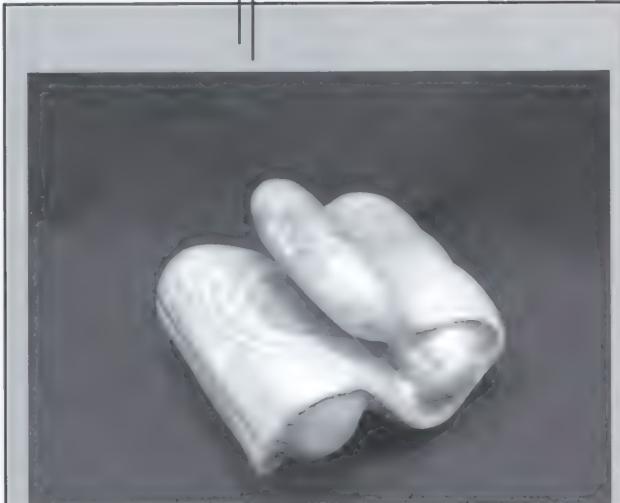
Wood Project Assignment: Carve an 8 x 8 inch block of wood in a manner that illustrates the wood's physical and aesthetic qualities.



Triturated

Laura Keller

Defined as "rubbed, crushed, ground, or pounded into fine particles or a powder; pulverized."



Precedent

Connely Farr

How and why we incorporate the life of a site into what we design to live there is critical to the success of the design.



Melt

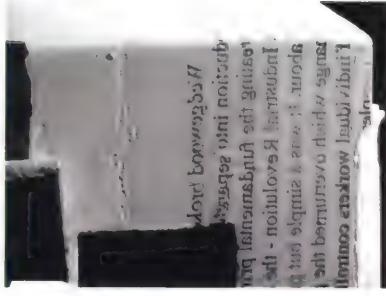
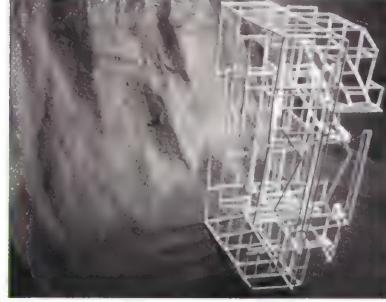
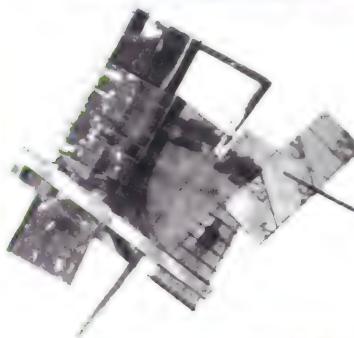
Randy Crocker

"I wanted the sculpture to flow like the grain of wood."



ARCHITECTURE

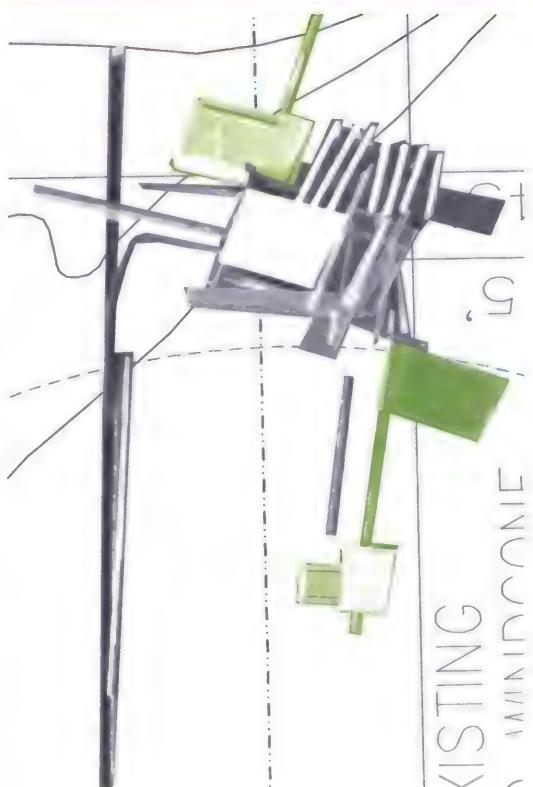
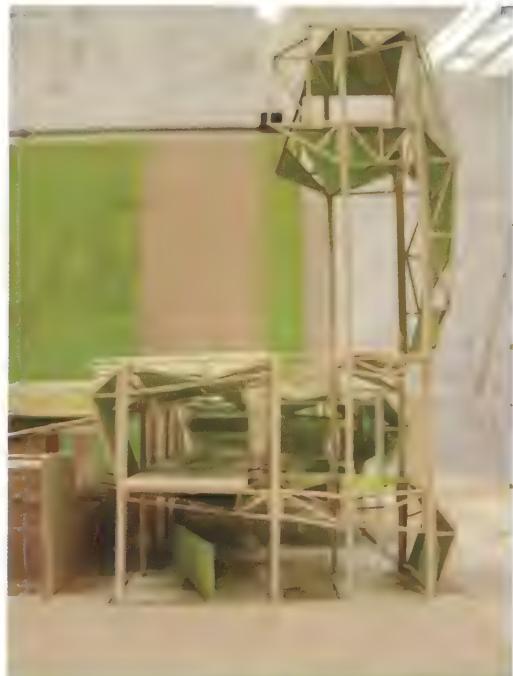
beth lundell



the sentimental red head had a scratchy voice and a unforgettable stubbornness. the korean had a talent for making me laugh. i left a note there under our picnic table my freshman year at Auburn...it contained a tear or two and some memories of our friendship. it stayed

there for a good six months.

this is a comprehensive project for the auburn airport. work produced and loved by beth lundell ARCH 05





All Photography by David Williams
Birmingham Series

Dad

Dreams waiting
My optimism often makes me find the best
You were a gift to my mother

Bearded moustache man with a shrinking body and a growing heart
Times have changed and still I have not uncovered who I really
know

A mystery to me, maybe even to himself
I know who is there
As my son will know who was really there one day

Abandoned love but with no loss
The hurtful emotion of past transfers but added life knowledge

—Robert J. Thompson



Riding With Michael

—Susanna Haines



Michael Fuller was the hottest thing to ever walk the halls of Greenwood High School. I personally thought he was the hottest guy in the whole state of South Carolina, and I, along with the forty-two other girls in the graduating class of 1997, had had a crush on him since the first grade. He had a girlfriend, Jennifer Stewart, in the tenth grade, and we were crazy jealous of her. She had this long blonde hair that she could really flip around, like a girl in a shampoo commercial, and we were all crazy jealous of that too—that and her perfect teeth, everlasting tan, and, of course, her possession of Michael Fuller. They went to all of the football games and cool parties together. No one else could have looked as good as they did riding around Greenwood in his black Dodge Viper, and I'm pretty sure that none of us thought we would ever get the chance to try.

Jennifer moved away at the end of the year. I remember the day she told Michael in the hallway outside of Mrs. Gerard's first period algebra class. I overheard him tell her that he didn't want to try to make anything long distance work out because they were both so young. I thought he was very wise, and I snuck a glance at Jennifer's face. There was some orangey base that had rubbed off on her white sweater, and her lipstick was faded. She nodded slowly and pursed her lips. I think she was trying not to cry.

I never thought I would sit in the seat where Jennifer Stewart had sat, but I found myself there one Friday afternoon my senior year. It was the beginning of the school year, and it was a day where the afternoon heat stuck right to your skin. I was waiting on the curb for my mother to come and pick me up after school, because we only had one car in our family and my mom used it to go to work. She had to start teaching again two years before, when she and my dad got divorced, so she would drop me off at school early enough every morning to drive out to her school, Briarfield Elementary, a school thirty minutes outside of Greenwood town limits, and come and pick me up every afternoon. She was generally late, so I always got to watch a little bit of football practice while I waited. Michael was the quarterback for the varsity team.

On this particular afternoon, my mom was hours overdue, and no one answered the phone at our house when I called from the office. When football practice finally let out, the sun was beginning to set, and I was worried. The guys spilled out of the

locker room, talking and laughing, and they walked by me without really looking. Michael was the last one out, and, as he walked by, he glanced back over his shoulder and stopped.

"Ellie? Do you need a ride?"

I couldn't believe it. As small as our school was, he had never paid any attention to me before—and here he was, asking if I needed a ride. His dark hair was matted against his forehead with sweat, and there was a smudge of dirt from his left cheekbone down to his chin. He looked incredible.

"Yeah, I guess I do. Do you mind?"

"No, of course not. Come on, get in."

As I slid into the passenger side of his car, I closed my eyes and breathed a silent "thank you" to whatever had kept my mom from coming to get me that day. The leather seats were still hot, and the inside of the car smelled like sweat and aftershave. I felt myself sweating and I wiped my hand across my face. He climbed in and cranked the car, at the same time pushing a button that made the top retract.

"I hope this isn't too much trouble."

"No, really, no big deal. Where do you live?"

"Crestview Heights." I was a little embarrassed, because I knew he lived in Green Hills, a really nice neighborhood where all of Greenwood's elite lived, and Crestview was just a little subdivision. It wasn't the ghetto or anything, but I still felt a flush come into my cheeks.

"So, why don't we ever see you at any parties or anything, Ellie?"

I was shocked. I looked at him, studying his face to see if he was making fun of me.

"Me?" I squeaked. "Are you kidding?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I never really know about them. The parties."

"You should come. There is one tomorrow night, at my house. Around nine."

I couldn't believe it. Michael Fuller had just invited me to a party. I felt the flush come back to my face.

"I-I don't think I can make it. I don't have a car, and my mom..."

He looked over at me. "Don't worry," he said. "Somebody could come and get you." I think he meant him.

"I really can't. See, it's my night to go over to the Davis's and help. They are our across the street neighbors, and Mrs. Davis is dying. They are both in their nineties, and Mr. Davis needs help, so, for the past year or so, my mom and I have taken turns."

Michael looked at me with an odd expression on his face, the left corner of his mouth turned down a little, as if he couldn't believe what I had just said.

"Well, if I had a nickel for every time a girl had turned me down with that excuse..." And he laughed. "Why don't we stop by Dairy Queen and get some ice cream, then? It's on the way."

"Now?" I didn't know what else to say. I was dumbfounded. Was Michael coming on to me? Or was I just pretending that his friendliness was something more?

"Yes, now."

So we stopped at Dairy Queen, and I got a strawberry blizzard and he got one of those ice creams that they dip in the chocolate and it makes this hard shell over the ice cream. There was chocolate at the corner of his mouth for the rest of the ride home.

To this day, I cannot think of a single reason why I did what I did. It remains the most impulsive, idiotic thing I have ever done. When we pulled up in my driveway, I thanked Michael for the ride.

"Are you sure you can't come to the party?" he asked.

"Yeah."

"Well, if you change your mind, call me. I'm in the phone book."

"Why?"

Michael looked startled.

"Well, um," he laughed a little. "I guess I just wonder what you're like. I mean, I've always seen you around, but we never talk or anything, and you seem, I don't know, different somehow. From the other girls, I mean. So I thought maybe you'd

come to the party and we could hang out, you know?"

"Oh." That was all I said. Oh. And then, I leaned in and I kissed him right on the mouth. He tasted like sweat and chocolate. I wasn't thinking clearly, sitting there in his sleek little car, somehow under the spell of Michael Fuller, feeling what it must have felt like to be Jennifer Stewart and not Ellie Walker, and not wanting it to end. I pulled away, startled by what I had done.

"I am so sorry," I blurted, and I grabbed my bag and ran inside without giving him a chance to say anything.

My mom wasn't in the house. Her car was outside, but there wasn't a note or anything. I decided to go over to the Davis's and see if they knew where she was. When I went outside, Michael was still there, sitting in his car.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know where my mom is," I said. I kept walking, but he got out of the car and caught up with me. He didn't say anything, just walked with me over to the Davis's house.

I knocked softly on the door, and my mother's face appeared in one of the little glass panels.

"Ellie," she gasped when she opened the door. "Oh my dear God, I am so sorry. I can't believe I left you, I just got so caught up with..." She trailed off and looked at Michael, who was standing beside me.

"Hi. I'm Michael Fuller," he said, extending his hand to her. She took it.

"Thank you for bringing her home," she said, and he nodded.

"Mom, what is going on?" My mother turned her gaze back to me. She didn't have any makeup on, and she looked really terrible.

"Mrs. Davis died this afternoon. She was sleeping. I've been over here since it happened." I walked into the foyer and Michael followed. I saw Mr. Davis sitting at the piano in the living room, his head resting in his hands. I thought he was



crying, or praying, but when I got closer, I could hear him. He was singing, very softly. The tattered brown hymnal was opened in front of him to hymn 472, *Abide With Me*. He stopped and lifted his head out of his hands.

“Hello, Ellie.”

“Hello, Mr. Davis.”

“She wanted me to give you something. You and your mother meant a lot to her.” His voice sounded broken and wheezy. He began to get up.

“Oh, no, sir, I couldn’t. Really.” I put my hand over his.

“She wanted you to have it.” He got up and walked over to the bookcase against the wall and picked up something wrapped in a beige embroidered handkerchief.

“Thank you,” I whispered. The gift was heavy in my hand. I unfolded the handkerchief and inside was a crystal suncatcher in the shape of a heart. It was cut at angles around the edges, and I had seen it in her room before, casting rainbows across the floor. The center of the heart was smooth, and there were words etched into it.

They who one another keep

Alive, ne’er parted be.

“I gave that to her on our first anniversary,” he said. “It seems so long ago.” He sat down at the piano again and sighed. I was, all of a sudden, intensely aware of Michael’s presence. I looked at him, standing there in the dark corner of the foyer, still with that smudge of dirt across his face.

“Mr. Davis, I’ll be back tomorrow, okay?”

He patted my hand and smiled halfway. “You’re a good girl, Ellie.”

I turned to leave and Michael followed me outside. We stood on the lawn in front of my house, and it began to rain a little.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I’m sorry that she died.”

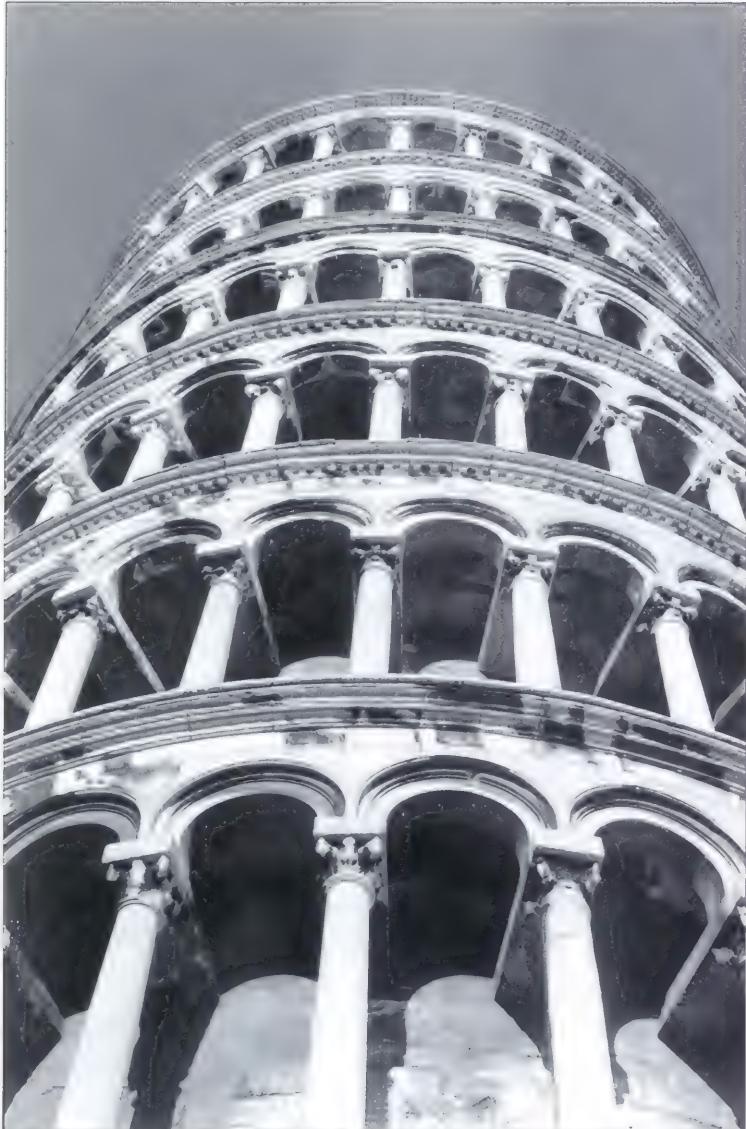
“It’s okay.” He reached out and touched my arm and stepped a little closer to me. “You’d better put the top on your car,” I said.

“Yeah.” As he got into his car, he looked at me. “I’ll see you,” he said, with a little lift at the end of his voice, like it was a question. I nodded.

On Sunday, Mr. Davis went, too. I knew that it wouldn’t be long, and my mother found him, slumped over on the piano, the hymnal still opened to *Abide With Me*. He didn’t even wait for his wife’s funeral, so they buried them both on Tuesday. It was the hottest day of the year, and I left school early to go to the funeral. Michael gave me a ride. ■

Passionate Season

—Marie Clark



Jennifer Meals

Your breath falls upon my
skin as a gentle breeze
That shakes the very soul in
me.

To feel your velvet eyes in a
loving gaze
Is a ray of sunlight that plays
upon my face.

Your touch is a soft reflec-
tion of petals
That shudders my being and
my body it calls.

Your voice makes the very
sun flare with heat and pierces
my ears,

That forever I have waited
and longed to hear.

I cherish our passionate sea-
son with care,
For my fondest of memo-
ries with you I have shared.
Into the future I plunge and
dare not look back

For darkness had reigned
when you I had lacked.

Take my heart and whatever
else you may desire
Because no one but you can
quench my love's fire.



This past semester, Auburn University students collaborated to produce a vision of what the future may hold—a lifestyle based completely on solar energy. Students from the colleges of architecture and engineering worked together to build a house run by solar energy, complete with an electric car, and then entered their creation in the Solar Decathlon.

In this competition, teams from thirteen universities traveled to Washington D.C., where they reassembled their homes and participated in ten individual contests. Categories included a group of students actually operating the house and car for several days and setting up an exhibit explaining the house and its features. Auburn's team placed first in energy balance, which means that their home was the most efficient in converting solar energy into usable power. Overall, Auburn placed third, with the University of Colorado in first and the University of Virginia in second.

The contest was sponsored by the United States Department of Energy and was the first contest of its kind. It was initiated due to the rise in the cost of natural gas, the conflict in the Middle East, and a response to the electricity crisis in California. Spencer Abraham, secretary of the Department of Energy, said that "the Solar Decathlon proves that investment in

renewable energy and energy efficiency technologies can contribute to this nation's energy security, environmental quality, and create markets for American products around the world."

Auburn students who participated in the Solar Decathlon agree that the experience was both challenging and educational. Learning to compromise and use the ideas of all branches of study taught them the values of cooperation, one said. "It was one of the best experience of my life," said Drew Freeman.

The Auburn House

Auburn's solar house featured traditional southern architectural styles, such as the dividing breezeway of the dogtrot style, a surrounding porch and an overhanging metal roof. And a large sundial adorns the southern wall of the house.

The house utilized several methods of capturing solar power. Most of the house's electricity was provided by photovoltaic cells. These cells capture energy from the sun and convert it to electricity using silicon semiconductors. The cells are mounted in arrays on the roof, each containing thirty-six individual cells. The energy from the cells is stored in battery banks, providing electrical energy for the night as well as the day.

Some of the most intriguing features of the house are the four-foot hexagonal water columns in the center of the living area. These columns moderate temperature through the house





by absorbing and storing heat from the sun and emitting that heat into the living space at night.

The house made full use of materials available to increase the efficiency of energy collection and storage. The heating,

ventilation, and air condition (HVAC) system utilized the power from the photovoltaic cells. The cells provided power to its components: an electric heat pump, an air handler, a digital thermostat, and ductwork.

Hot water was supplied by the solar thermal system. This system consists of two flat plate collectors and an eighty gallon water storage tank. A flat plate collector is an insulated box with a translucent cover. When sunlight strikes this cover, energy is collected in a series of tubes filled with propylene glycol and stored as heat.

Solar Power Issues

How practical is the use of solar energy? The major problems with solar energy are cost and efficiency. Solar power is generally an inefficient source of energy. Much of the energy collected by photovoltaic cells, for example, is expended on heating the cells. As a result, a large surface area is necessary to collect small amounts of power. Efficiency being the issue it is, an efficient semiconductor is paramount to the success of a solar energy system. Materials that provide more efficient means of converting energy have been prohibitively expensive.

Recently, however, manufacturing costs have lowered, making silicon semiconductors more readily available. The lower cost of operating the system may allow solar power to become one of the most cost-effective sources of power.



E-Day

The house was opened for E-day (Engineering Day), the College of Engineering's open house for prospective students. High school and junior high students visiting the university were able to tour the house, which is located on the corner of Donahue Drive and Woodfield Drive in Auburn. Students who participated in the project explained the functional and stylistic elements of their house, as well as the competition itself.

"I like it," said one high school student simply, echoing the reaction of the crowd. The housing is pleasing and comfortable in all of its designs. From the red wall in the living area to the tiles that light a line through the hallway at solar noon, the house gives tribute to its source of power: the sun. ■



Photographs from www.ausolar.org

The Wait

—Lauren Lang

I don't care what you've done in your past life,
but I'm not gonna screw around while waiting for you.
I'm not gonna indulge in casual nights
of instant gratifications, I don't need to.

No, I can wait. My endurance is strong,
my commitment made, for you, twenty years now
without the slightest quench, taste of the fruit.
I don't need a drop; I know your sweetness.

There are orchards, vast-rooted that stretch the lengths
of my mental cultivations I harvest occasionally.
On a knoll I sit, sample, nibble, swallow
down nectar after nectarines, pears, plums to absorb
into the body of my being flavorful
attributes that flow back to the mouth.

I can stand to be sitting here at two
in the night rocking forward, lulling myself
to sleep with a flaky cracker
sunk in self sorrow, self sacrifice,
and not want to open my wrists.
No, I can wait.



Brian Brown

Schizophrenic

—J.F., as Hope

I love you.
I hate you.

Leave me alone.
Where are you going?

Don't talk to me.
Why are you ignoring me?

Tell me your problems.
SHUT UP.

I would do anything for you.
I wouldn't die for you.

I have a shoulder for you to cry on.
Don't get my shirt wet.

I want to be loved.
I'm afraid of getting hurt.

I want to be held.
Don't touch me.

Treat me as an adult.
I'm still a child.

I love life.
I'm dead inside.

I want to look deeply into your eyes.
Stop staring at me.

I want to share my dreams.
I'm too afraid to speak.

Aren't I good enough for you?
I don't deserve you.



Brian Brown

generator

—adam hajari

every muscle
convulses
to manufacture the heat
that my environment fails to provide.
because these shabby garments
only cover,
only hide,
only protect so much
from the icy sting of a frigid wind,
and leave so much still exposed.

the laws of thermodynamics
are well enforced
as this cold world
takes energy
from me.
watch heat escape from my mouth
and distort the clear night air
in a cloud of warm vapor.
rise, disperse, and vanish.

and it alone
pulsates
to fill these hollow vessels
with the warm blood
that feeds my strength.
and generates my desire.
It is my source of warmth.
I am my own fire.

Logan Powell



Ben Loper



Dan Tansey



ALABAMA'S BEST

Set design

For Auburn University College of Engineering

Auburn University School of Architecture

2002

Abigail Hart Gray and Rusty Smith led the first year architecture class through the design and construction of the set for Alabama's BEST, a statewide high school robotics competition that is held annually in Auburn University's Coliseum. Gray and Smith organized a design competition with the students. The winning design was a conglomeration of four groups' ideas. The design established three spatial zones: onstage, backstage, and the projection area. The entire set was built by the students out of wood, plexiglass, and rope lights in one week. The students assembled the set on site during a 30-hour build (see photographs below).

STUDENTS

Phil Amthor
Mike Anglisano
Josh Bickel
Brittney Blackburn

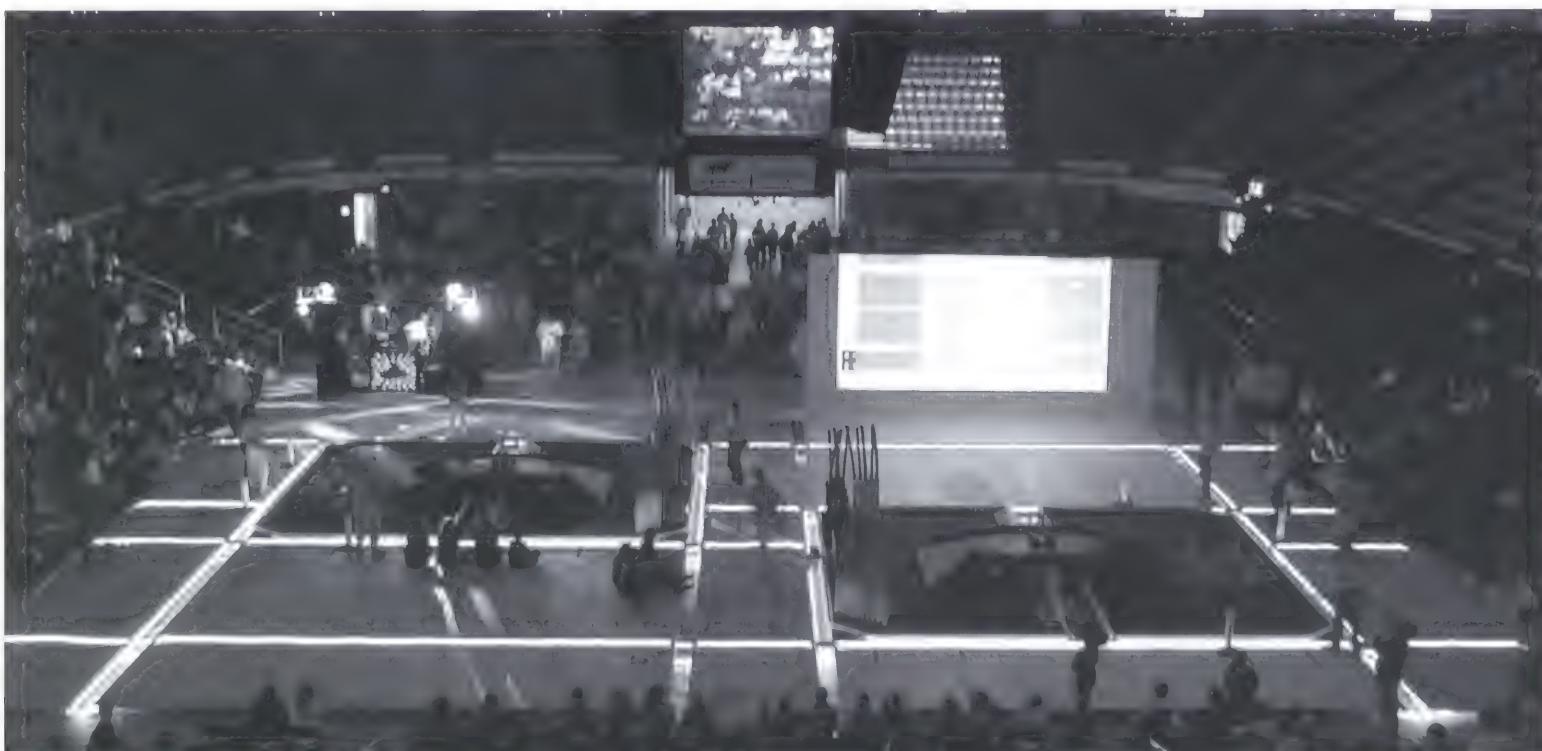
Lindsay Butler
Robert Callighan
Brad Camp
Liz Clayton
Katie Conner
Mark Dempsey

Mike Foster
Shannon Gibson
Mary Michael
Glassell
Bonnie Gorman
Jenny Hammock

Sami Huntley
Rose Kingman
Matt Koch
Sarah Martin
David McCabe
Mary Mac McFadden

Adam Ray
Ryan Rohe
Jody Russell
Carey Scurlock
Katie Simpson
Evelyn Smith

Nick Thomas
Robin Virga
Tiffani Weathers
Danny Wicke
Ashley Wright
Laurel Wright



Photography by Abigail Hart Gray



All Photography by David Williams
Atlanta Series

53RD STREET TAVERN

—B.D. Raley



I struggle home
Tired and
drunk
Dragging with me the
words
Of the strangers and
saints
I left behind the bar.

An overweight man in a red
tie
Told me about his daughter
A college girl, the first in his
family.

The waitress confided she had found
a lump
The word lodged painful in my
head
It is still there as I lean heavy on my
front door.

Sloe gin with a truck driver
Whose wife left and took his son.
It is too much.
I want to give it all back.

As I slide into bed
My wife pulls me close
Quietly she asks how it went
I tell her I am no closer to an an-
swer
I will have to go out again to-
morrow.

A Piece of Rita

—Catherine Hangen



I drove through the fog into a suburb of Nashville that reeked of rich taste and fancy blue cheese. I pulled into the first gas station I saw and put a quarter in the pay phone. The voice that picked up sounded slightly familiar and hoping it was the same woman who used to live there, I asked about Rita. Thankfully, I was right and she informed me that her daughter had gone and gotten herself married. She apparently was on maternity leave and should be home so, before I had to ask, she gave me the address.

I showed up to a little colonial-style house with a wrap-around porch and about 6 or 7 acres of a front yard with a pasture behind the house. It was so relieving to see a picture-perfect scene that verified that at least she had gotten what she wanted out of life. I especially couldn't wait to see if my suspicions were correct about whom she had ended up marrying. When I got out of my car at the gate, two giant golden retrievers came bounding up to me. They started to bark like they was trying to be vicious but weren't used to it. Just then, a small-framed girl came out of the house with her hand on her back because she was about-to-bust-at-the-seams pregnant. I strode down the walkway toward her, a smile creeping onto my face and she gasped and threw her arms around me as soon as I reached her. She burst into tears, no doubt due to the elevated emotions of pregnancy, and welcomed me into her home. I asked who had given her that massive rock on her left hand and heard the answer I had anticipated: Tommy Palmer. Everyone knows someone like Tommy; he was that guy in college that was "not ready for a relationship" but once he grew up realized that he wasted a lot of time thinking he never would be married. When he called, her eyes would light up and she would have a hard time speaking through her huge grin. Even then I guess she knew how things would turn out. She sat on the couch while I made her a peanut butter and banana sandwich. She asked how I had been and if I was seeing anybody. I dramatically looked into the distance and told her that I was on a crusade to discover what it was I was destined to do and maybe that would include a music career, maybe writing a publishable novel, and maybe marriage but maybe not. I also detailed my first lounging experience in St. Louis, telling her all about every little aspect.

I got lost in the memory as the story flowed from my lips. I could feel the heat of the stage lights and smell the cigarette smoke in the air. Sitting on the couch with Rita, all I could see was the room full of dark faces all staring up at me while I stood in front of the microphone. Being up there changed my perspective on life in general. I no longer expected it to happen to me, I

took charge and made my own stories. When I was back to reality, she suggested as she had all those years ago that I try the Bluebird Café. It was where all the country stars were born, according to her. Even with the years between us, it still felt like we were still living in a cinderblock cell on the fifth floor. She called the club and begged for a spot at the open-mic night. When she put down the receiver, she smiled and said I would go on at 8:30 Friday night. I felt more at home here than I had in years. I met the infamous Tommy and envied their happiness, their stability; their life was moving ahead and mine was standing still.

I lay awake that night writing in my notebook and wondering if I was really cut out for all the running away that I was doing. Maybe I did need to settle down.

I spent the next few days in Nashville, seeing the sights and catching up on old times with Rita. When the day came that I was to perform, I spent it calming down. I thought I would be used to the nervousness by then, but the butterflies in my stomach were conducting their own mini-circus.

I got on the stage and started with my signature a cappella, Crazy. The same surge of passion flooded my body and was conveyed in my voice as I remembered watching my mother sing this song, but this time I was watching my friend become a mother. The twinkle in her eyes that just shone with pride and strength moved me. I could stay here in this moment forever. When the song was over, there was tremendous applause. Everyone in the room was standing except for Rita. She had disappeared and I caught a glimpse of her being escorted out the door.

I ran to the door and found Tommy holding Rita gently guiding her hunched body into the car.

"What's wrong?" I asked tensely, hoping there wasn't a huge problem.

"My water broke..." she replied, her eyes big, her voice low and raspy. With that I got in the car and we rushed to the hospital. In the car, it seemed like *déjà vu*, like I had been there before. I was transported back to a memory of a satirical episode in our freshman year of college.

The Bug Bite

We were sitting on our beds on Friday night wondering, as was custom, what we were going to do that night, options being limited without a car at school. She had been bitten by some kind of bug the night before but didn't think anything of it until it started to swell and harden. I didn't know what was going on and thought the best thing to do would be to go to the doctor.

Since nothing on our college campus is open on a Friday night, we had to call an old friend of hers with a car to take us to the hospital in the next town over. I think psychologically, this ailment was much worse than it was physically, but when she claimed to be getting faint and a little dizzy I got very worried. She had called her parents who were separated, one in Tennessee and one in South Carolina, and sufficiently worried them to death about going to the ER before we even left the parking lot.

When James came to get us at our dorm, he was almost as worried as me. I had known this girl for only a week or two and I was so jittery that I wouldn't have slept if I had been left at home. We got to the hospital emergency room and signed in to subject ourselves to medical BS. She waited for at least fifteen minutes and then was called in to see the doctor. I waited and read outdated magazines about parenting that advertised augmentation of various body parts. When she came out, she was pissed. Since doctors have a tendency to piss people off in more ways than one. I was curious as to what they had said. She shook a bottle of pills at me and she said that they had told her that her body would "deal with it" and that she could take these painkillers that amounted to ibuprofen. She was fuming and we both apologized that we had caused James to waste his Friday night.

Margaret Mary

That night brought us closer together and when we pulled into yet another emergency room that night, I felt like I had never left, like I had watched her come this far and this was just another rock in the path. We burst into the waiting room very cinematically and I charged the desk and demanded that we have a wheelchair because, after all, she was enduring the pain of life. I thought she deserved some respect. The lady who was obviously a seasoned desk clerk motioned a guy to take Rita and gave me some paperwork to have Tommy fill out. He and I waited for what seemed like an eternity until finally a doctor came and told us that she had gone into labor and that Tommy could go in but the non-family member could not. The time I spent in that waiting room was purely psychotic. I thought I was in some kind of asylum and it only got worse with every hour. After 3 long hours, Tommy came out and told me that they had asked him to leave and that there had been complications in the birth. I hadn't seen a grown man cry since mom had left and my father cried. Tommy began to sob into his hands when he said that she might not make it. I instinctively hugged him and we sat down and drank black coffee while we waited for the answers.

I hate hospitals. I guess I never really got over being in there when my mother took her last breath. I felt like they didn't even try. They could have saved her and didn't. Needless to say, I don't trust doctors and this whole scene tore me apart...

I woke up in the waiting room with a cramp in my neck and still no word about Rita. I walked up to the desk, bleary-eyed and cranky, and asked the new clerk if I could see her. She looked

me up and down and asked if I was immediate family. I snapped.

"MY FRIEND IS IN THERE AND YOU ARE TELLING ME THAT I CANNOT SEE HER AND YOU WON'T TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON?!" I screamed. Now they were in for it.

"You are out of line, and its hospital policy..." she started.

"Damn the policies! Don't you realize that I have been here all night, longer than you, and I have no information as to what the hell is going on in there! The damn doctors killed my mother and I won't let them do the same thing to my best friend" I continued, breaking down and beginning to lose control of my tear ducts once again. With this I began to sob and she walked me back to her room. I opened the cold steel door and my eyes had to readjust to the low light. I saw Tommy sitting on a bench leaning his head against the window and Rita, still with child, lay in the bed. I slowly walked up to her and took her hand. She looked up at me and weakly whispered, "I am so scared...they are going to do a C-Section"

"I know." I said, trying to sound reassuring.

The next 10 minutes were a blur. Doctors rushed in and rolled her bed to the operating room leaving me alone again in the dark of that cold metallic cave.

I sat in the hospital cafeteria and ate lukewarm, cheap food in a futile attempt to dull the anxiety. Tommy sauntered up to me, proudly and said, "You wanna see the baby?"

"Yes." I practically screamed and jumped up with renewed energy. We went down the hall to the nursery and peered through the window at the most beautiful little girl I had ever seen. We then went to see Rita. She looked tired and had multiple IVs inserted in her arms, but she was alive and I was ecstatic. I really thought I had lost somebody else.

"Did you see Margaret Mary?" she asked almost silently.

"Yes," I replied, "Yes I saw her."

I walked out of that hospital only to feel the wind gust around me like strong hands pushing me to settle down, to stop running. I hailed a cab and rode back to Rita's. When I got out and handed him a wad of cash, he said after a ride of complete silence, "you take care now, y'hear?" With that I shut the door and he drove away. I stood in the drizzle and wondered how I was going to leave all that behind.

I wrote Rita a note and pinned it on her door explaining that I had not yet changed, I must drive on. So if music be the food of love, play on. I think Shakespeare said that or some version of it. I remember reading it somewhere in my college career. I turned up the country radio and tried to drive and not think. Little pieces of everyone else's lives are what make mine so eclectic. Something I read somewhere said that people who keep notebooks are a rare breed. They write down other people's thoughts and somehow are satisfied piecing them together and forming a whole new perspective of their own. Maybe that's what I do, I steal from others what I can't achieve on my own. From Nashville, that is what I took, a little piece of Rita. ■



NOTHING BETTER TO DO

—Lincoln S. Burrus

I wonder why I waste my time,
With nothing better to do.
There is so much out there,
I just don't have a clue.
Days with friends,
Nights to reminisce about the night before,
Naw... I just sit here writing nonsense,
With nothing better to do.
Why have I lived a sheltered lifestyle,
Expected to be a success in the real world?
I must prepare my mind, my body, and my spirit,
But no, I just sit here writing,
With nothing better to do.
Days I rise,
Days I fall,
Will it all make any sense?
Will I come out strong and tall?
Hopefully, my fate is for the good,
But for right now,
I will sit here writing,
With nothing better to do.

Maureen Vittrey



Abandoned (A Tale of a Tramp)

—Casey M. Ivy

As the screeching of metal against metal comes to an end, I lean up against the walls that have guided me to my unknown destination. The contents inside are some abandoned wooden pallets, some metal straps, tattered cardboard, three rats (at least three that I know of), and myself. A stream of sunlight breaks through the crack in the door, it must be morning. I'll sit in silence for ten more minutes, waiting for my time to make the move. No sounds, it must be clear. I ease up from my bedding, and slide toward the door. Just as I begin to unlatch the door, it flies open. "Boy I done told you about this crap!" Dammit, I didn't expect it to be this stooge again. "Son I should just beat your ass for this." "Look man, I had nowhere else to go." "Well, you'd best get on outta here before I change my mind and turn you in." I couldn't believe it, could it be that my appearance to him was so pitiful that he was going to let me go? I didn't hesitate on the offer; I jumped from the boxcar and headed down away from the yard. I got about a spit's distance from the car when the old man yelled at me, "Now you do this crap again, I will, I repeat, I will turn your ass in to the police." Whatever. His warning only gave me more reason to pack up and head somewhere else. There seems to be seldom places nowadays where I can go and feel accepted.

Now where was I? Two days ago I was in Louisville, the day before that Chicago, and the week before that I was in Detroit. I get off the rails and sit face to face with the light of God. The only thing that keeps me moving. The sun shined a lot brighter today for some reason. I pull my pack from my shoulders and shift through its contents. A tattered comb, some woman's abused and broken mirror, a small New Testament, a blue hat, a flannel, but no food. Like that's a surprise. I haven't carried food around for a month, not since the last time when I raided a load of snack foods on route from Norfolk to Boston. Oh well, the fact that I don't have any food still doesn't help me on my location. I walk toward a parking lot, Alabama tags. Alabama, huh? I wonder what great things lay ahead in the big state of Alabama. Ha Ha Ha. Who was I kidding? Great things? Great things only happen to those in three-piece suits, those that live behind white picket fences, those whose lives become so attached to possessions and status that the realities of the real world are blurred. Whoever heard of a beat-up low son of a bitch becoming the leader of the pack? Am I not human too?

A bench sits outside of a small community grocery store. The papers in the box next to it read: The Birmingham News. Birmingham? The city sounds familiar, but I've never been here before. There's hardly any people around at this time, it's Sunday. I sit on the bench for awhile, and look for loose change along the sidewalk, anything that'll get me a coke or a bag of chips from the surplus inside. A young lady comes jogging by me at a fast and steady pace. I notice her because of the fact that she cut right in front of me, but her lack of acknowledgment leaves me to wonder, did she even notice me? She continued down the sidewalk, disturbing a group of pigeons that had gathered to gossip about the adventures they had the previous week. Did she notice them? A middle aged man steps out from the door of the store. He turns and looks at me with a look of impatience in his eyes. "Son, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to ask that you leave from the front of my store." "But I wasn't doing anything wrong." "Well I know that, I just, I just think that my customers would feel safer if I didn't have an unwelcome man loitering around my door." I stand up and turn around and face the man. I see the name Charles stitched on a patch on his shirt. "Well Charles, it's nice to know that southern hospitality still exists here." I glance behind the man and see that the clock on the wall reads twelve fifteen. I say nothing else to the man, and grab up my bag, and continue along the sidewalk, to find a place where I can be welcome.

There's people about now. They've had their weekly blessing from God and have ventured back out to find more reasons to be back there next Sunday. I haven't been to church my whole life. People of the likes of me don't really get ushered through the front of the church doors on Sunday. I've heard those preachers preaching: "Give your money to God so that he'll help out the less fortunate." Funny. If people look down on me as less fortunate, then how come I haven't seen hide nor hair of an Abraham Lincoln or a Thomas Jefferson in my pocket. I must not be as unfortunate as people think if God doesn't see the need to send me some money. Why is it that every time I get around water I start preaching to myself? I look down the banks of this strange waterway and see a family playing Frisbee, a couple eating sandwiches on a picnic table, a father and son out playing with a remote controlled boat. All of these spirits free floating, intertwining, and creating this wonderful atmosphere.

“To know the world you must travel. To know yourself you travel alone.” —Abe Lincoln

I wonder if they really realize how special this moment is, if they feel these wonderful things taking place around them. I look again at the water. The current causes a disturbance in my reflection. A clear picture of myself can't be seen. Motionless, I sit.

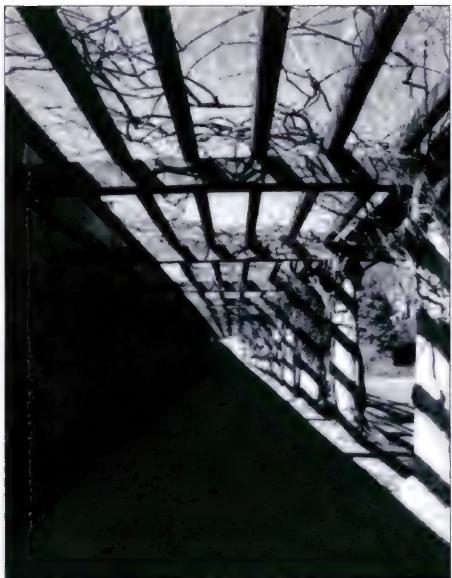
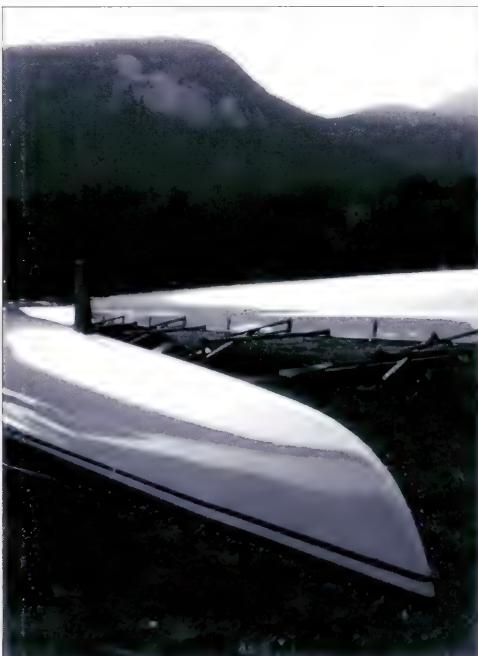
Bam! A kite comes crashing down a few feet next to me. A little boy comes running up to it shortly after. He looks at me, doesn't seem to mind me being there. The fact that I'm covered in filth, and my clothes are tattered, runs thoughts through his young mind that I'm different. This difference doesn't seem to matter to him. He approaches me with the kite in hand. “Mister?” “Yes?” “Could you help me with my kite? I can't get it to fly.” He's oblivious to my status in society. A person taking the time to seek something from me? “Why of course.” The string attached to the kite had been wrapped around in such a knot that the tail end of the kite was in a bind. I pulled the knot out and straightened the supports in the kite. “That should do it.” The boy seemed glued to the movements of my grimy hands. I wonder what he could have been thinking. “Thank you, mister.” He ran back up the bank. As he ran, I noticed a woman come running toward him. She must have been his mother. She ran and embraced the boy, and stood there staring at me, as if I had committed some crime against humanity. She must have been watching from their apartment above the canal when her son came to me for help with his kite. How wonderful is the mind of a child, unprejudiced and equal. I wonder how this mindset, if carried through adulthood, would make this world a better place. The couple at the table had finished their picnic and placed their leftovers in the trash. As they walked away from the surplus stash, I began to dig through what they had left behind. A half eaten turkey club, had to have been hers, and a diet coke with enough left to wash away the feast. It's not everyday I hit the jackpot like this. As I munch down the remains of her leftover eats, I continue on my way through a small alleyway leading to a courtyard within a block.

The sun was on its descent now down into God's pocket, where all of the riches of my life are found. As the rays of sunlight start diminishing behind the roofs of the buildings first and then the earth, I notice the people looking deeply into the same horizon as I was looking. What is it about this great spectacle that no matter who you are, you somehow seem to want to



John Stolarski

capture this moment and keep it sacred. A young couple is nestled together on a roof top, dreaming of days to come, and being with each other. Togetherness. I don't have anything to offer to anyone, besides who would even want to spare a couple of minutes of their precious time to hear what I had to say. Nah... they'd rather sit and discuss this Joe Millionaire TV crap, and ignore reality. Their version of reality is watching it being lived through the lives of others rather than living it themselves. But I was there when that sunlight broke through the crack in the door. I was there when the woman and pigeons crossed paths. I



Photography by John Stolarski

was there during that festival of life by the waterway. I was there when promise was found in a child. I was there. I lived it. It's these things people take for granted. They live their lives and then they die without really living. If it wasn't for this interaction between the heavens and the earth, the people and the earth, and people between people, I wouldn't have any reason for living anymore. If I didn't wake up every morning to a new light, a new beginning, a new day of experiences and emotions, then what in the hell would I do with myself?

It's getting late now, and now is the time for me to find a place to rest my head for the night. As I pass by shops and small restaurants closing for the night, a police officer stops to question me. Where I had been, where I was going, you know the drill. Officer of the peace, if no disturbance is made then why bother with it? I didn't go up to him and ask him what the hell he is doing around this area. Of course I had to make up some fancy lie about how I was heading to a missionary chapel for the night to get in from the cold. "Well you'd better;

it's supposed to get down to 26 degrees tonight." Damn, it gets that cold in Alabama? As I head farther down the sidewalk, the cop turns and heads left, so I in turn head to the right. There it was, my Hilton. This lonely dumpster stuck between two four-

story buildings was the ticket. I leaned over into the dumpster to sift through its contents to find anything of value that could aid in my nightly stay. No, that won't do. Headlines: Joe Millionaire Gay! Well that clarifies my theory. Ah ha, a cigarette lighter.

Now I sit by this fire, hoping that I've got enough of this Millionaire crap to keep it

burning through the night. The moon now sits where the sun was five hours before. I reach into my bag and pull out my mirror. It's cracked, shattered, and has a buildup of dirt that distorts the image. But when I look into it, I can see clearly. I can see the world for what it really is. My eyes focus and tune into the few sparkly and clear parts of the mirror. And through this dirt and filth, good is there, it just takes a little living to notice it. ■

spent in society, a person
lived in such a knot that
one The boy seemed glo-
omy, but he had
a smile starting up me at
her her, so she was not
had through childhood won
her picnic and placed the
it a half-eaten turkey club
at like this. As I much
block.



HISTORY

—B.D. Raley

Sitting in a poorly lit classroom
listening to the great Dr. L—
ramble on brilliantly
about the differences in Greeks
and Barbarians,
I slowly begin to realize
he is talking about him and me.
He is Greek—
majestic—honorable.
I am barbarian—
in desperate need of enlightenment—
edification.
I must be shown what it means to be civil.

In short, this Athenian scholar
feels that if I had a better understanding
of the world around me
I would be inherently more pessimistic.
I am not rational enough,
and he can see me for the savage that I am.

He continues to drone on eloquently—
weighing in on Herodotus.
His purposeful eyes scan the room—
momentarily resting on me then moving on,
while I sit here with absolutely no perspective.

I have no history.

I find myself attracted to his
perfectly modest (and rimless) glasses.
I am entranced by the way
he can speak of freedom
with just the right moderation
of tension in his smooth baritone voice.
He makes me want to charge
to the front of the room—
flinging desks from my path—
to tear away his perfunctory tie,
unloose his sensible shirt,
and dive into his emotionally stable chest.

Photograph by Maureen Vittrey



Verse Came
Easy to Me
Before I Met True
Inspiration

—Joy Beth Barganier



Torrid melodramas of misandrioid emotion were
My specialty. Now I flail and flounder in poetically
The most inspiring thing that ever transpired into art. In
Maybe this new thing I've encountered is
Different. Describing how you exert muscle and move
Move me just doesn't seem appropriate.
Metaphors, similes, allusions, rhyme, form, etc.
Nothing. I am hopeless and defeated in my
Glorious triumph. Why am I merely unable to describe
In words the sensation that swells inside always
For crying out loud. I've been trying for weeks to
Put in writing (preferably rhymed, iambic pentameter)
How you envelop, consume, and ensnare me
But the words won't come, or they won't cooperate
With each other. The best I can do is write a poem
About how I can't write a poem. Pathetic.
I have finally surrendered to my disability.
Just as I have yielded to you any power to
Control what happens next. I only hope that there are
No new entries in your poetry journal, alibi.



Photography by Frank Dillard

How do you SUBMIT to the Circle

Art or Design

Three ways to submit art or design:

- ♦ On CD as a TIF file with **300 dpi or greater resolution**. (We cannot print your work if the resolution is less than 300 dpi.)
- ♦ As a slide or negative
- ♦ As a photograph of the artwork or design. We can digitally photograph work for you. For assistance, call 844-4122.

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number. This is especially important if you want your work returned.

Photography

Three ways to submit photography:

- ♦ As a hard copy
- ♦ On CD as a TIF file with **300 dpi or greater resolution**. (We cannot print your work if the resolution is less than 300 dpi.)
- ♦ As a slide or negative

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number. This is especially important if you want your work returned.

Text

Two ways to submit your original poetry, fiction, nonfiction, essays, etc.:

- ♦ By e-mail to acircle@auburn.edu
- ♦ By disk to the **Circle** office in the basement of Foy.

Label all entries with name, title, and phone number.

The Auburn Circle
334.844.4122
acircle@auburn.edu
www.auburn.edu/circle

Student Publications Suite
Foy Union Building
Auburn University, AL 36849

The Auburn Circle

Auburn's General Interest Magazine





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You are part of a great university

U.S. News & World Report ranked AU 43rd among the nation's top public universities in its annual rankings for 2002-2003. It is the 10th consecutive year that AU has been ranked by the newsmagazine.

A survey ranked AU's School of Architecture in a tie for 10th in the U.S. with its counterparts at Columbia and Rice universities as one of the "Best Architecture Schools for 2003." The survey also ranked the Interior Architecture program as the 13th best program in the country for interiors education.

AU improved its ranking to 13th nationally among colleges and universities in graduating African-Americans with bachelor's degrees in engineering, according to a survey by *Black Issues in Higher Education*.

Inside Academe ranks AU's core curriculum as one of the best in the nation, calling Auburn, "A Southern Gem."

AU is the first university in the Southeast to offer the bachelor of software engineering degree and the master of software engineering degree.

Auburn is home to the current national champions in women's swimming and the nation's No. 1 collegiate mascot.

Auburn hosted President George W. Bush on campus in October 2002.

Baseball America voted Plainsman Park the nation's top collegiate ballpark.



Auburn University Office of
Communications & Marketing

Special Note to all artists and photographers:

Images submitted on CD or by e-mail MUST have a resolution of at least 300 dpi. This is the resolution required for printing clear images. Images with lower resolution will print poorly.

If you submitted art or photography on CD or via e-mail and didn't see it in this issue, the resolution may have been too low.

To set your resolution as 300 dpi:

On a digital camera, change the setting BEFORE you take the picture. To be safe, set your digital camera to take the highest quality images. When scanning in images, set the resolution on your scanning software BEFORE you scan the image. If you aren't sure how to do this, let us help you! Give us a call at 334-844-4122. We can also scan or digitally photograph your images for you.



Acknowledgments

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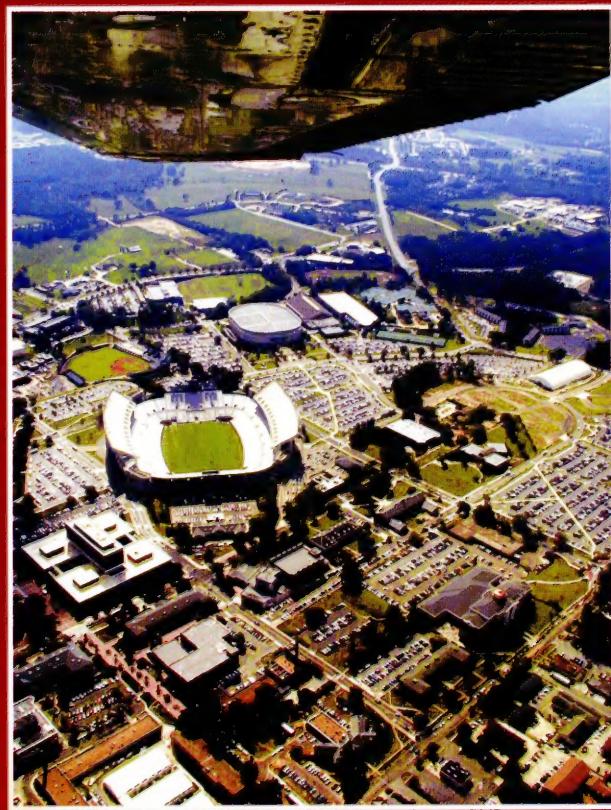
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Foy Union Staff

THE AUBURN CIRCLE

Your deserve recognition. Submit.

Photograph by Frank Dillard



Photographs by Beth Lundell



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